THE MARVEL MAGAZINE OF ADULT FANTASY/AUGUST 1981/ 75p

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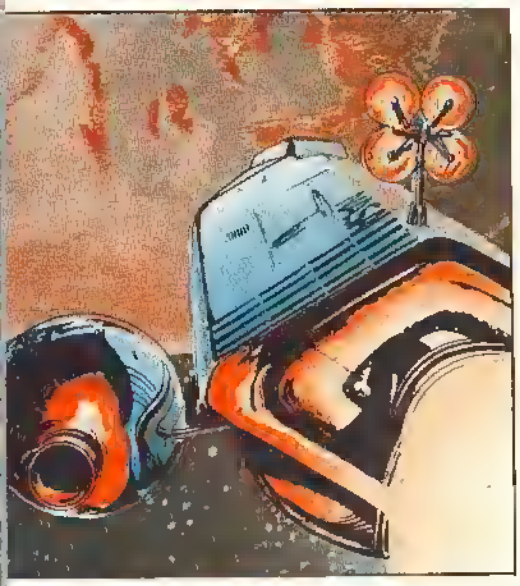
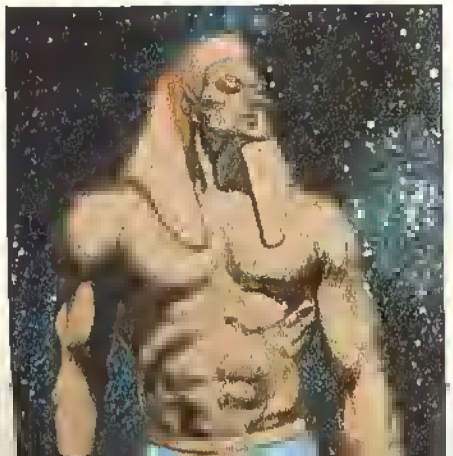
featuring:
"Holocaust"
by Neal Adams
plus a
special interview
with Barry
Windsor-Smith





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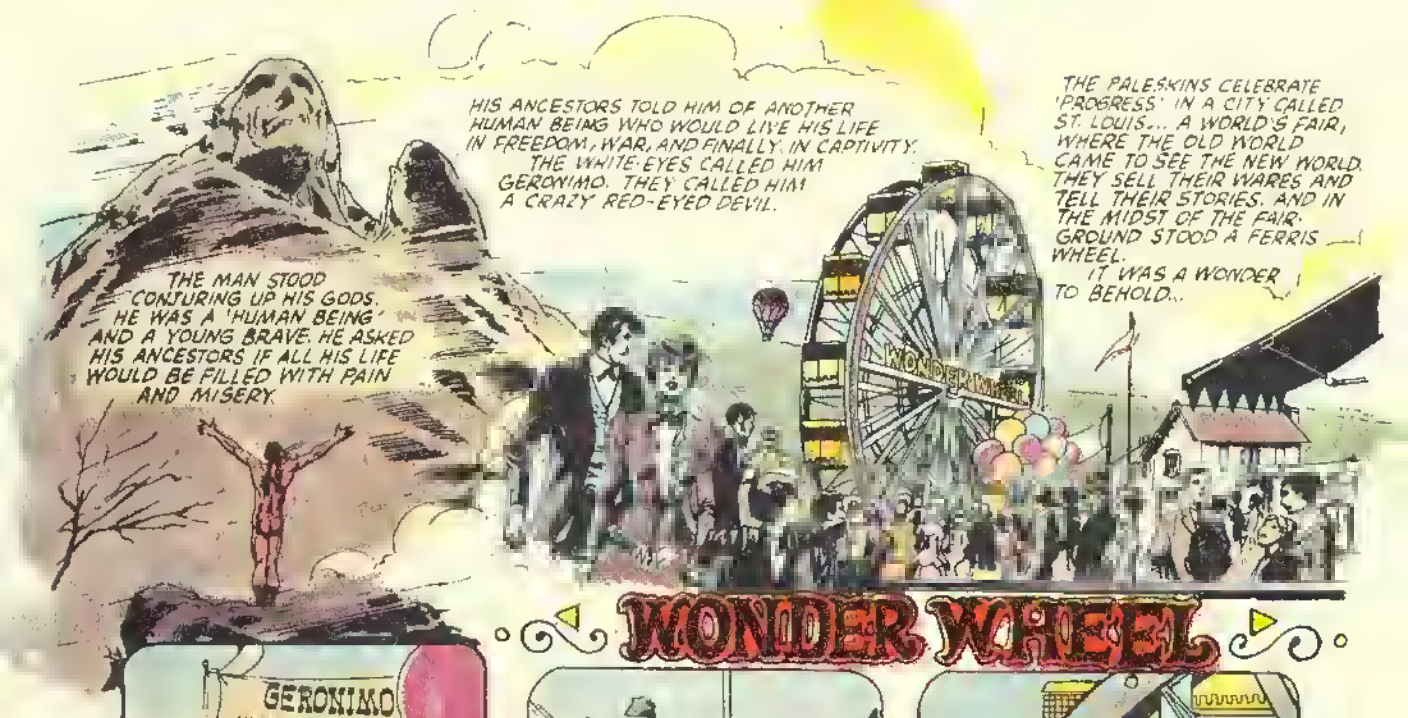
THIS STORY, WELL, IT'S NOT SO MUCH A STORY AS IT IS A SONG ABOUT THE WAY THINGS ARE, AND THE WAY THINGS SHOULD BE. AND HOW MEN SHOULD BE FREE, BUT NOT HAVE TO DIE TO BE FREE.
THE MAN WALKED DOWN THE STREET HE'D PATROLLED MANY TIMES BEFORE. THE CHILDREN CRIED OUT, "THERE GOES THE BLACK 'N' TAN OUT WALKING." THE MAN THOUGHT, "I HOPE I CAN LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT."
IN IRELAND, AN ENGLISH SOLDIER CAN'T EVEN SMILE AT CHILDREN.
ONE CHILD, ELEVEN YEARS OLD, HID IN A DOORWAY UNTIL THE SOLDIER DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.
THIS SMALL CHILD WAS AFTER BIGGER GAME. IN HIS RIGHT HAND, A MILK BOTTLE. IN HIS LEFT, UNHOLY RAGE AND HIS DAD'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER. AROUND THE CORNER CAME AN ENGLISH TANK. NOTHING, IT SEEMED, COULD BRUISE THE SKIN OF THIS BEHEMOTH.
NOTHING BUT A SMALL CHILD WITH A BOTTLE OF GASOLINE.
NOW, THERE ARE SIX DEAD SOLDIERS IN DUBLIN.
THE BOY HOPES HE WILL GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO HELP IN THE FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE.
THE POLITICIANS TALK POLITICS, THE PATRIOTS TALK THE PATRIOT GAME.
THE FIREMEN BEAT OUT THE FLAMES, AND THE PEOPLE COME FROM MILES AROUND TO SEE THE...
HOLOCAUST

© 1981 Neal Adams

MP
HE STANDS IN THE SHADOWS LIKE HIS LITTLE BROTHER WATCHING THE PASSING PARADE. HE NOTICES HER ... FEET. HER TINY... TINY FEET.
THEN HE DISCOVERS HER BODY, THE GENTLE SWISH-SWISH OF HER THIGHS
AND HE DOESN'T NEED TO TOUCH HER...
HE DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW HER NAME SHE IS IN HIS MIND. "THE STREET CAN BE SO CRUEL, BABY... AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU... I CAN PROTECT YOU... I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED, BABY. I CAN BE YOUR LOVER AND DADDY, TOO. NO NEED TO BE ALONE." SHE WALKS BY... HE STANDS.
THIS IS THE DAY THE HOLY MAN HAS CHOSEN TO BLOW HIMSELF AWAY.
ERWIN
RUN...
RUN...
... RUN.
RUN... MAKE WAY.
MP
BUT THE HOLY MAN HAD SOAKED HIS GLORIOUS ROBES AND STRUCK THE MATCH BEFORE HE COULD STOP HIM. THE SCENE ETCHES ITSELF ON HIS MIND. FOR A MOMENT HIS EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE EYES OF THE MASTER. THE EYES OF THE MASTER ARE TRANQUIL. THE FLAMES ENGULF HIM COMPLETELY, LEAVING THE EMPTY MAN WITH NOTHING TO BELIEVE IN. HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES, HELPLESS AND WITHOUT HOPE... EMPTY... THINKING...
HE BLEW HIMSELF AWAY. HE... JUST... BLEW HIMSELF... AWAY.

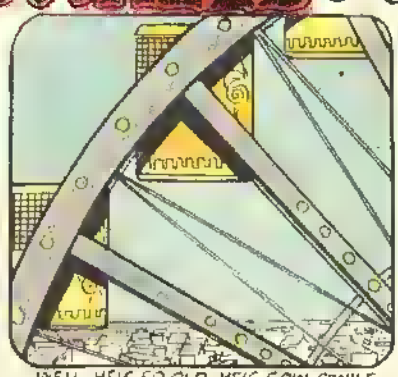
WHAT WAS LEFT KILLING, ALL THE WHY?.. HEAT BODY MAKES FACE AWAY
TINY FEET.
AFTER ALL THE HORROR... WHY? FROM THE CHARRED HIM TURN HIS
"I CAN BE YOUR MOTHER AND LOVER. I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU... I CAN PROTECT YOU... THE STREET IS SO CRUEL, BABY... NO NEED TO BE ALONE."
"THE WAR MACHINES FILLED THE SKY WITH SOUND AND FURY BUT LITTLE DISTURBED THE BRUSH UNDER WHICH THE POPPIES LIE. THE OPIUM POPPIES OF THE SOUTHERN DELTA FILL OUR DREAMS.
ONCE A FRENCHMAN SAID, 'SOMEWHERE THE BIGGEST STASH IN HISTORY LIES ON THE BACKS OF AN ARMY OF DEAD PACK MULES IN THE DELTA.'"
"OH, MY LADY WITH THE TINY FEET, MY DRAGON LADY, SHE TREATS ME SO GOOD. SHE KILLS ME SLOWLY, BABY."
"I USED TO SMOKE THE BONG PIPE, BUT THE SWEET SMELL GAVE ME AWAY.
BUT NOW I STAY HIGH ON THREE DOLLAR A DAY PLASTIC VIAL.
I AIN'T GONNA DIE IN NO GODDAMNED LOUSY PADDY FIELD, NOT WHEN I CAN HOLD ON TO MY TINY FEET, MY DRAGON LADY."
"I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT THIS WHITE POWDERED ARMY WHEN MY DRAGON LADY CAN FIX ME UP."
OH LORD LORD
LORD
LORD
LORD
LORD
ERWIN

NO, IT'S HARD TO FIGHT A WAR WHEN ALL PLEASURE COMES FROM THE BREAKING OF THE SKIN. SHE TAKES NO SIDES.
THE YELLOW MAN HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO WIN THIS ROTTEN WAR. OPIUM WHORES FOR OPIUM WARS... ...AND LET IT HAPPEN.
SHE CRIES OUT:
RUN
RUN
RUN
RUN
THE CHILDREN... RUNNING IN PACKS LIKE WOLVES TO SURVIVE... CAN YOU SHOOT THEM?
NO!... YOU LOOKED TOO DEEPLY INTO THE EYES OF THE HOLY MAN... THE POPPIES... THE POPPIES ARE BEAUTIFUL THIS YEAR.


THE MAN STOOD CONJURING UP HIS GODS. HE WAS A 'HUMAN BEING' AND A YOUNG BRAVE. HE ASKED HIS ANCESTORS IF ALL HIS LIFE WOULD BE FILLED WITH PAIN AND MISERY.
HIS ANCESTORS TOLD HIM OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING WHO WOULD LIVE HIS LIFE IN FREEDOM, WAR, AND FINALLY, IN CAPTIVITY. THE WHITE-EYES CALLED HIM GERONIMO. THEY CALLED HIM A CRAZY RED-EYED DEVIL.
THE PALE-SKINS CELEBRATE 'PROGRESS' IN A CITY CALLED ST. LOUIS... A WORLD'S FAIR, WHERE THE OLD WORLD CAME TO SEE THE NEW WORLD. THEY SELL THEIR WARES AND TELL THEIR STORIES. AND IN THE MIDST OF THE FAIR-GROUND STOOD A FERRIS WHEEL.
IT WAS A WONDER TO BEHOLD...
WONDER WHEEL

GERONIMO HAD ASKED LITTLE OF THE WHITE-EYES. BUT HE DID ASK IF HE COULD 'FLY' ON THE FERRIS WHEEL. THEY SENT TWO BIG, BURLY MEN...

...TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM THE MIGHTY GERONIMO. WOMEN FAINTED AS HE WAS LED TO THE GAUDY RIDE. THEY SAID," THE TRUTH IS GERONIMO...



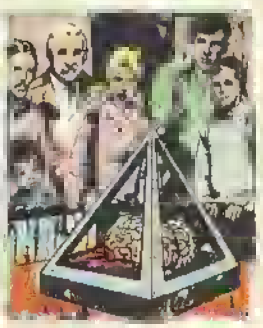
...WELL, HE'S SO OLD HE'S GOIN SENILE. HE'S LIKE A KID GOIN' THROUGH HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD.' WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?" AND GERONIMO CLIMBED INTO THE BASKET...

...AND RODE UP AND AROUND AND UP AND AROUND AGAIN. HIS BODY WAS STILL AND HIS FACE WAS STILL BUT HIS EYES... HIS EYES...

AND HIS MIND... HIS MIND FLEW ON THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE.

AND HIS EYES DID NOT SEE WHAT ALL THE OTHER EYES SAW. HIS EYES SAW SOMETHING ELSE.

HE SAW, ONCE AGAIN, A NATION OF HUMAN BEINGS, WHO LOVED THE VALLEY OF THE GODS, RICH WITH THE SMELL OF LIFE.

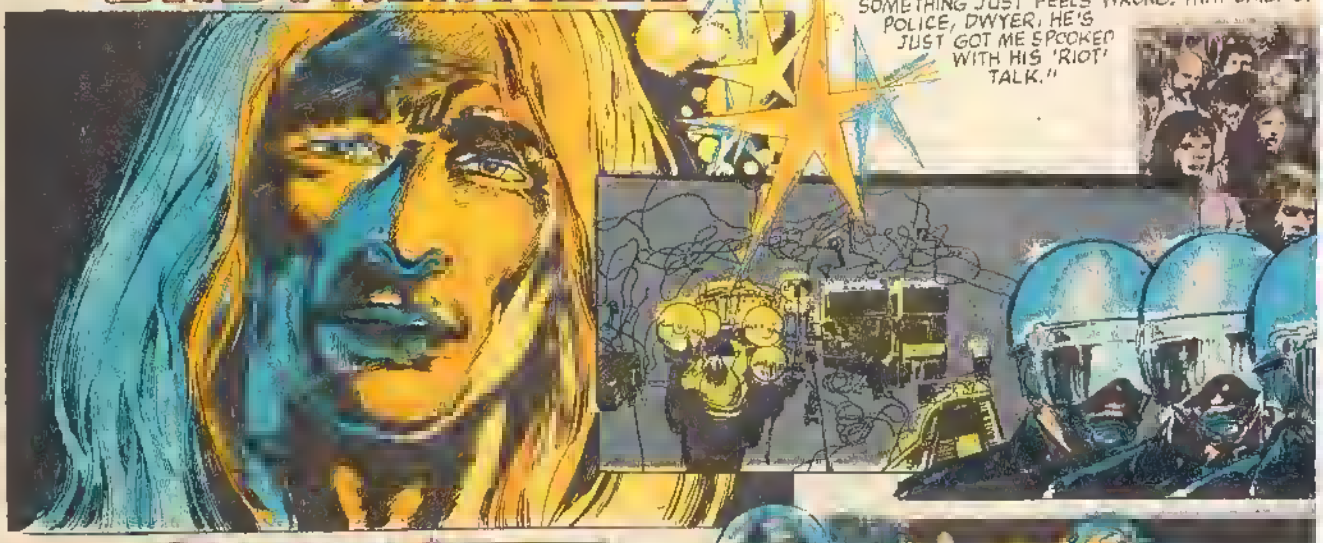


SOON THIS HUMAN BEING DIED AND IT IS SAID THAT SOMEONE CUT OFF HIS HEAD BECAUSE HE WAS A CRAZY RED-EYED DEVIL, AND PUT HIS BRAIN IN A CASE SO THAT PEOPLE COULD SEE... FOR 10 CENTS APIECE.

JIM CROW
MOTHER OF JIM CROW GAVE JIM BIRTH AND TOOK HIS FATHER'S NAME AND SHAME.
FATHER OF JIM CROW WHO RAISED JIM WITH WHITE MAN'S DOUBLE TALK AS HE KILLED THE BUFFALO AND STARVED HIS MOTHER'S PEOPLE.
AS A YOUNG BRAVE JIM CROW RAN WITH THE OTHER BRAVES.
BUT JIM CROW'S FATHER GREW AFRAID OF WHAT HE MIGHT BECOME AND TOOK JIM AWAY FROM THE OPEN PLAINS AND TAUGHT HIM THE WAYS OF 'CIVILIZATION.'
SOON, JIM CROW'S MOTHER DIED... OF SORROW, AS SHE WATCHED HER PEOPLE DIE.
JIM CROW'S FATHER RAISED HIM LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND TAUGHT HIM HOW TO MAKE WAR!!
THEN ONE DAY, JIM CROW DISAPPEARED.
REPORTS BEGAN TO COME OUT OF THE FAR WEST. CAVALRY TROOPS ON PATROL HAVE BEEN DECOYED INTO BLIND CANYONS AND SLAUGHTERED. SOME REPORTS DESCRIBE THE DECOY AS WEARING A CAVALRY UNIFORM AND WHEN THE TRAP IS SPRUNG, HE REMOVES HIS HAT...
AND HIS INDIAN HAIR CASCADES DOWN HIS SHOULDERS.
OH, MOTHER, HOW LONG CAN A MAN LIVE WITH TWO HEARTS BEATING WITHIN ONE MAN? CAN I MAKE MY PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN OR MUST I BE LIKE JIM CROW? WILL MY WOMAN DIE WITH MY SON UNBORN? OR CAN I, FOR THEIR SAKE, MAKE MY PEACE WITH THE PONY SOLDIER?

AND SO THE BRAVE ENDED HIS COMMUNION WITH HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS GODS AND CAME DOWN TO SPEAK WITH HIS SQUAW ABOUT HIS DECISION.
"OUR CHIEFS HAVE CHOSEN WAR, AND NOW OUR CHIEFS ARE DEAD.
"OUR PEOPLE HAVE CHOSEN WAR, AND OUR PEOPLE ARE EITHER DEAD OR SCATTERED.
"I HAVE CHOSEN WAR, AND I HAVE BEEN BEATEN.
"THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NOT HAPPENED IS THAT I HAVE NOT GIVEN MYSELF IN SURRENDER. THE PONY SOLDIER HAS PROMISED TO CARE FOR YOU AND GIVE US LAND."
SO THE HUMAN BEING BUNDLED UP HIS WIFE AND LED HER DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND AFTER TWO DAYS OF TRAVEL HE WALKED INTO THE PONY SOLDIER FORT. HIS WIFE WAS LED FIRST TO WARM HERSELF BY A FIREPLACE AND THEN INTO A BEDROOM. LATER, AN UNKNOWN TROOPER WALKED UP TO THE SLUMBERING BRAVE, DREW A COCKED GUN, AND SHOT HIM IN THE TEMPLE.

BROTHER ABLE


"MY ACTIONS ARE AUTOMATIC. SOMETHING DOESN
FEEL RIGHT. NO... NOTHING FEELS RIGHT. THIS I
MY BIGGEST CONCERT DATE THIS YEAR, YET
SOMETHING JUST FEELS WRONG. THAT CHIEF OF
POLICE, DWYER, HE'S
JUST GOT ME SPOOKED
WITH HIS 'RIOT'
TALK."

"AND THOSE STORM-TROOPERS... THOSE UNIFORMS. AND THE RULES... OH, THE HELL WITH IT... I'VE GOT TO PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND."

CRACK TEAMS OF RIOT POLICE MOVE INTO POSITION AT THE ORDER OF THE NEW POLICE CHIEF DWYER (CHIEF DWYER'S SON WAS KILLED AT A ROCK CONCERT).

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, ESPECIALLY WATCH THEM QUEERS. MOST OF 'EM HAVE SHOT UP BEFORE THEY GOT HERE. I DON'T WANT THEM TO WALK ALL OVER YOU BOYS. SO DON'T PUT UP WITH ANY BULL-SHIT. Y'GOT ME?

"GOT IT CHIEF... OUT."

POLIC

"LOOK AT ME. SEE ME, PEOPLE. LOVE ME. I AM PART OF YOU. IF I CAN REALLY, REALLY SING MY HEART TO YOU TONIGHT, WILL YOU GIVE ME PART OF YOU? AND IF YOU DO, WILL I BE SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE IT? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO ME? I MIGHT AS WELL BE WORKING IN MY FATHER'S GROCERY STORE IF YOU DON'T FEEL ME."

THE STAGE HAS SHIFTED. THE SHOW IS BEYOND THE FOOTLIGHTS AS ALWAYS... BUT THE ACTOR IS A WRITHING, FRENZIED MONSTER THAT HAS NO EARS... AND THE AUDIENCE IS AN AUDIENCE OF ONE, WHO PLEADS THAT THE SPECTACLE END. BUT... NO... THE SHOW GOES ON.

GOT TO TRY!
PLEASE, EVERY-ONE--
PLEASE STO--
WH... MY THROAT FEELS...
COME ON, PEOPLE. LISTEN UP. THIS IS NOT A THING TO DO. I WANNA MAKE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT.
I WANNA SHAKE YOU FROM THE DAY'S DISTRESS. I WANNA SHOW YOU THINGS YOU NEVER SEEN.
MY VOICE WILL BE THE VOICE OF LIFE. MY EYES WILL BE THE SOURCE OF LIGHT. MY MIND WILL SHOW YOU...
THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE. AND ALL YOU SEE SHALL BE UNMARKED BY CAIN.
ALL YOU SEE THROUGH MY MIND'S EYE WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT. ALL YOU FEEL WILL MAKE YOU KNOW THAT LIFE IS GOOD. MY VOICE WILL LEAD YOU OUT OF DEATH...
...INTO THE LIGHT OF LIFE. YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN PATH... BUT LISTEN UP.. LISTEN UP TO THE WORDS OF PEACE, BEFORE YOU CHOOSE TO FOLLOW WAR. LISTEN UP.

HOLOCAUST
continues on page 91

PROLOGUE:
VIETNAM, 1968. THE TET OFFENSIVE. TO THE CLATTER OF HUEY UH-1 HELICOPTERS AND THE FLAT, DEADLY CRACK OF ENEMY MORTARS...
... U.S. TROOPS RETREAT DRAGGING THEIR DEAD, THEIR WOUNDED.
THE LANDING ZONE IS HOT... THE OPERATION, CHAOS.
AND EVENTUALLY, INEVITABLY... SOMEONE SUFFERS FOR IT.
HEY...! OVER HERE...! THIS WAY... FOR CHRISAKE! THIS WAY!
I'M TRAPPED IN THIS GODDAM RUBBLE... YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME...
YOU...C-CANT...!
BUT THE HOARSE SHOUTS OF SP-4 RAY ACUNA, FRESNO CALIFORNIA, ARE LOST TO THE SOUND OF THE LAST EVAC CHOPPER RISING INTO THE FAST-FALLING DUSK.
MORENO 80

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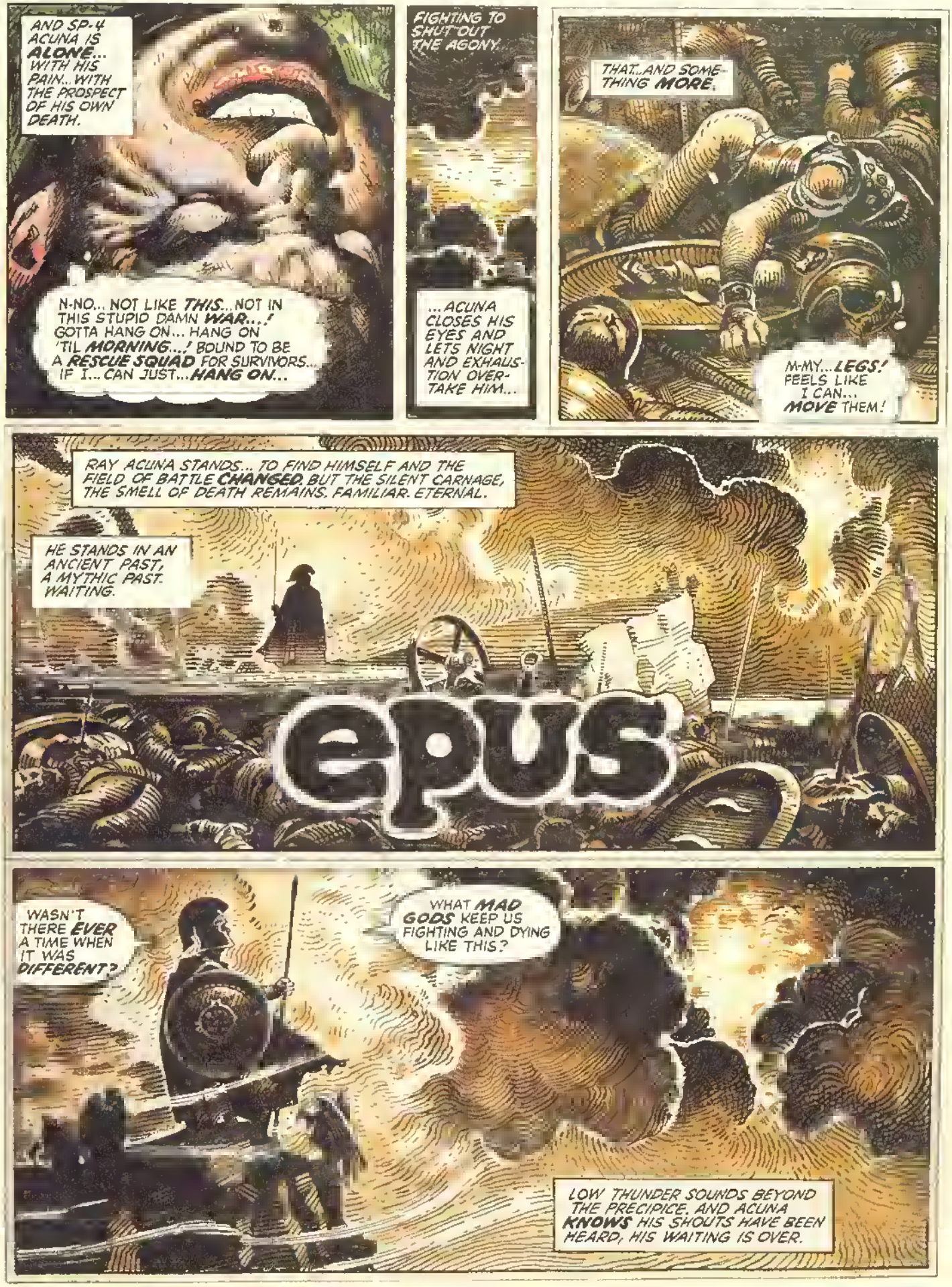

AND SP-4 ACUNA IS ALONE.. WITH HIS PAIN.. WITH THE PROSPECT OF HIS OWN DEATH.
N-NO... NOT LIKE THIS.. NOT IN THIS STUPID DAMN WAR...! GOTTA HANG ON... HANG ON 'TIL MORNING...! BOUND TO BE A RESCUE SQUAD FOR SURVIVORS.. IF I... CAN JUST... HANG ON...
FIGHTING TO SHUT OUT THE AGONY...
...ACUNA CLOSES HIS EYES AND LETS NIGHT AND EXHAUSTION OVERTAKE HIM...
THAT...AND SOMETHING MORE.
M-MY... LEGS! FEELS LIKE I CAN... MOVE THEM!
RAY ACUNA STANDS... TO FIND HIMSELF AND THE FIELD OF BATTLE CHANGED. BUT THE SILENT CARNAGE, THE SMELL OF DEATH REMAINS. FAMILIAR. ETERNAL.
HE STANDS IN AN ANCIENT PAST, A MYTHIC PAST. WAITING.
EPUS
WASN'T THERE EVER A TIME WHEN IT WAS DIFFERENT?
WHAT MAD GODS KEEP US FIGHTING AND DYING LIKE THIS?
LOW THUNDER SOUNDS BEYOND THE PRECIPICE. AND ACUNA KNOWS HIS SHOUTS HAVE BEEN HEARD; HIS WAITING IS OVER.

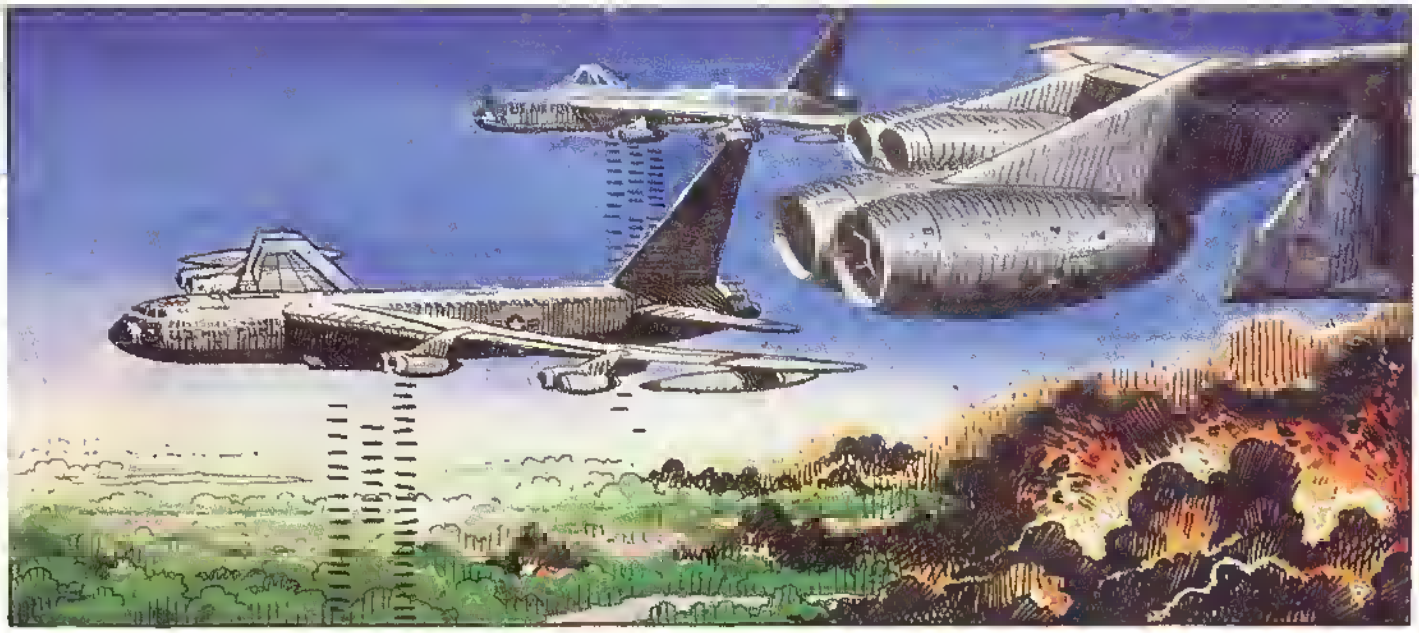
WARRIOR, I HAVE COME.
W-WHO... ARE YOU?
MEN HAVE GIVEN ME MANY NAMES, MANY FORMS. SIVA. ISHTAR. ARES. MARS. BUT BEFORE THEM ALL...
...I WAS EPUS. GOD OF BATTLE. DEITY OF WAR. WIELDER OF THE SCEPTER OF AMBITION AND GLORY...

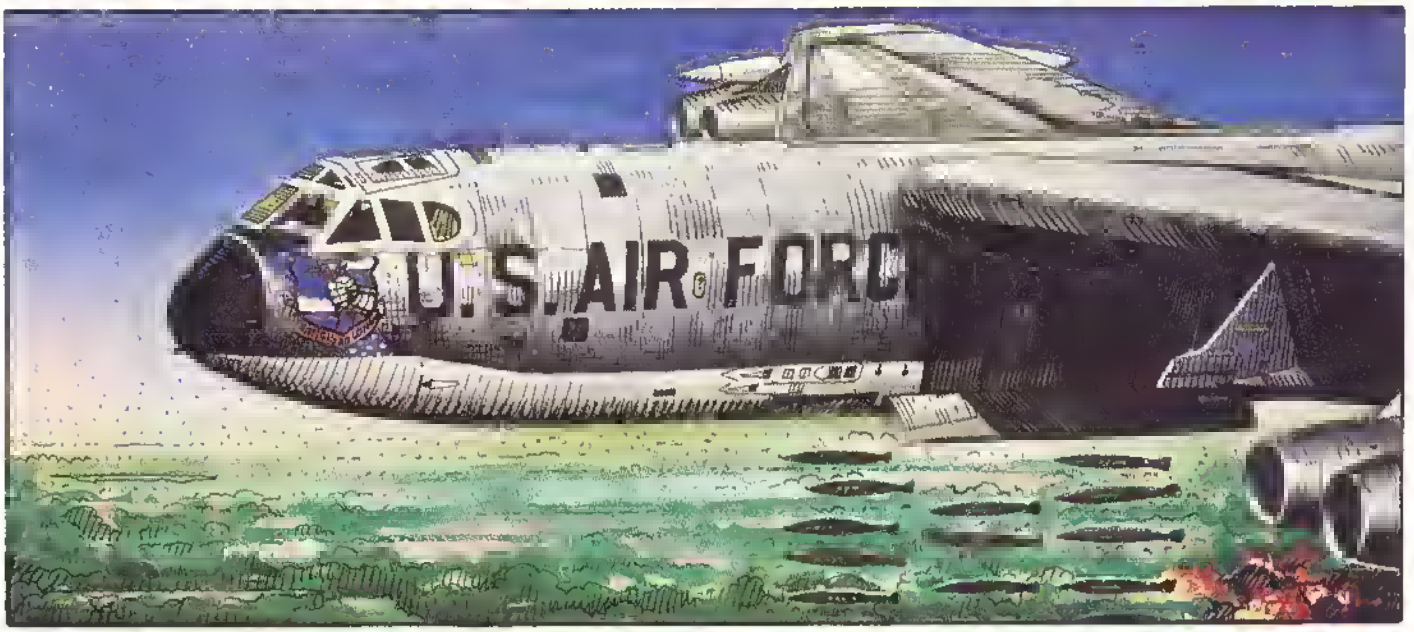
...HURLER OF THE THUNDER-BOLTS OF POWER AND CONQUEST!
I'VE SEEN THE WORK OF YOUR THUNDER-BOLTS... DEATH. DISEASE. FAMINE. MISERY. THAT'S WHAT THEY BRING.
YOU'RE A DESTROYER, EPUS. NOT FIT TO BE WOR-SHIPPED.
AND YET... YOU SERVED ME.
NO LONGER! I'VE LEARNED... SO WILL OTHERS. WE'VE ENDURED TOO MANY OF YOUR WARS. WE DON'T NEED YOU!
THE HUMAN RACE IS WEAK, WARRIOR...

...YOU DEPEND ON GODS TO KEEP YOU STRONG. WITHOUT US... YOU'RE A DYING RACE.
WITH YOU WE'RE DYING, EPUS! WE CAN'T GO ON KILLING EACH OTHER! NO ONE WILL BE LEFT!
...AS DO YOU WARRIOR.
YES...
AND I WILL SURVIVE. SURVIVE TO PROVE YOU WRONG. WE CAN LIVE WITHOUT YOU... AND WE WILL!
THERE ARE ALWAYS VICTORS. SOMEONE ALWAYS HOPES TO SURVIVE. AS DID ALL OF THESE...
THE RACE OF WEAKLINGS? HOW, FOOL? HOW?
BY BELIEVING, NOT IN GODS, BUT IN OURSELVES, EPUS...

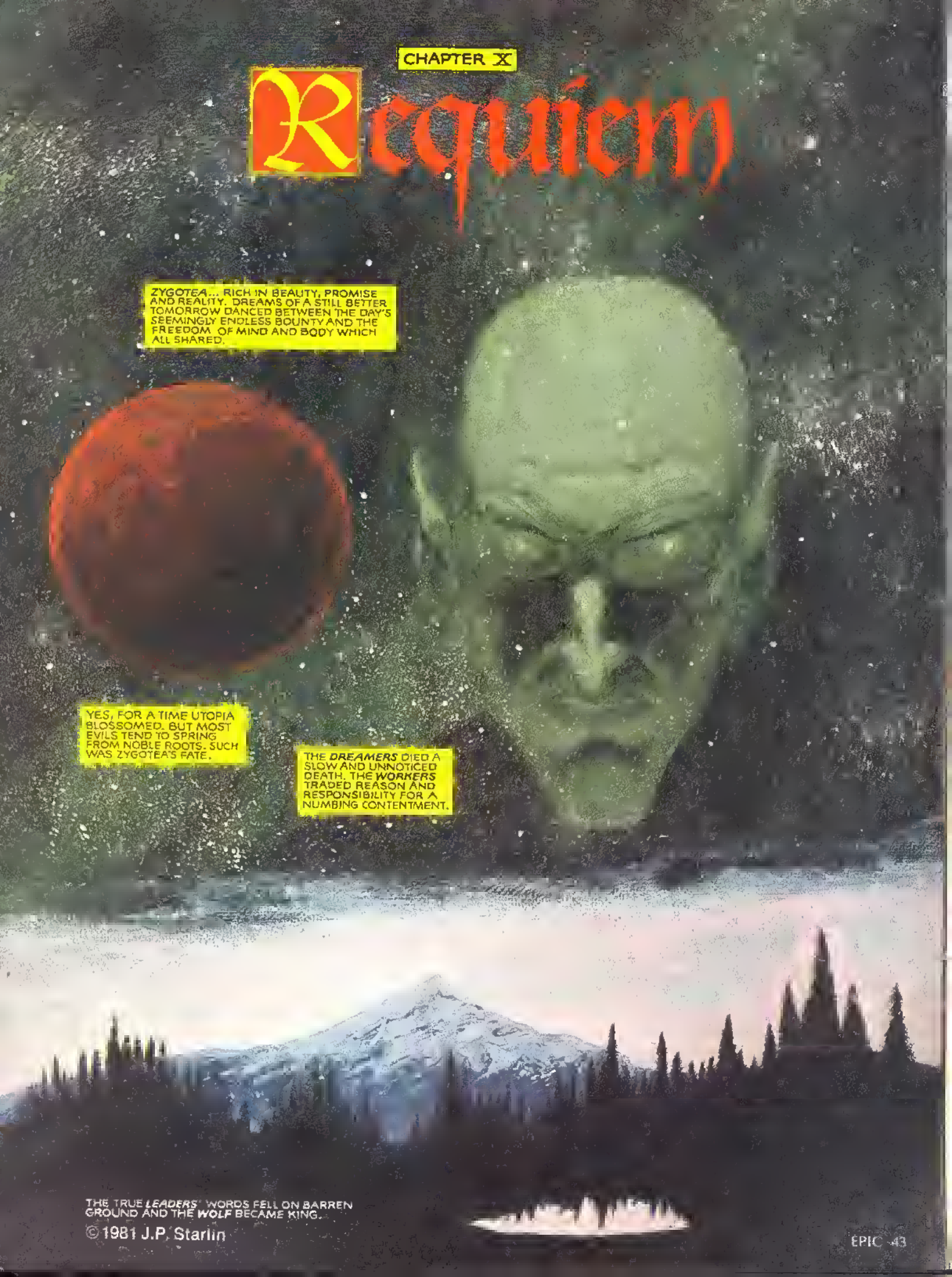
...AND IN WHAT WE CAN DO!
WITH THE RATTLE OF ARMOR... A GOD FALLS.
FOOL...! YOU'D RID YOURSELF OF ME... BY USING... MY WAYS...?
...IT'S NOT... SO... SIMPLE... NOT... SO...
EPUS LIES STILL. BUT THE BOLTS OF POWER AND CONQUEST SEEM TO GLOW WITH A LIFE OF THEIR OWN.
UNTIL, WITH THE FLASH OF A SWORD...
...THE HAND THAT WAGES WAR IS SEPARATED FROM ITS OWNER AND SENT HURLING INTO THE ABYSS.
FREE! NO MORE GODS! NO MORE--
THERE IS A LOW RUMBLE OF DISTANT THUNDER, MUCH LIKE EARLIER...

ONLY THIS TIME... THE THUNDER GROWS!
DDDDDDDD
DD... RRRUUUUUMMMMMMMMM
EPUS IS DEAD. IT CAN'T BE HIM RETURNING.
TIKK
BUT... W-WHAT...?
SP-4 RAY ACUNA OPENS HIS EYES... AND LEAVES THE ANCIENT, MYTHIC PAST...
...FOR THE REALITY OF VIETNAM.
DAYBREAK! GOT TO BE...RESCUE MISSION...! ONLY... DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ...CHOPPERS! MORE LIKE...
BWANG!!
N-N-OOOO!
MORENO 80




U.S. AIR FORCE

U.S
STRATEGIC AIR COMAND
DANGER
MORENO
MACHINE
STORY BY
MORENO
7


CHAPTER X
Requiem
ZYGOTEA... RICH IN BEAUTY, PROMISE AND REALITY. DREAMS OF A STILL BETTER TOMORROW DANCED BETWEEN THE DAY'S SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BOUNTY AND THE FREEDOM OF MIND AND BODY WHICH ALL SHARED.
YES, FOR A TIME UTOPIA BLOSSOMED. BUT MOST EVILS TEND TO SPRING FROM NOBLE ROOTS. SUCH WAS ZYGOTEA'S FATE.
THE DREAMERS DIED A SLOW AND UNNOTICED DEATH. THE WORKERS TRADED REASON AND RESPONSIBILITY FOR A NUMBING CONTENTMENT.
THE TRUE LEADERS' WORDS FELL ON BARREN GROUND AND THE WOLF BECAME KING.
©1981 J.P. Starlin

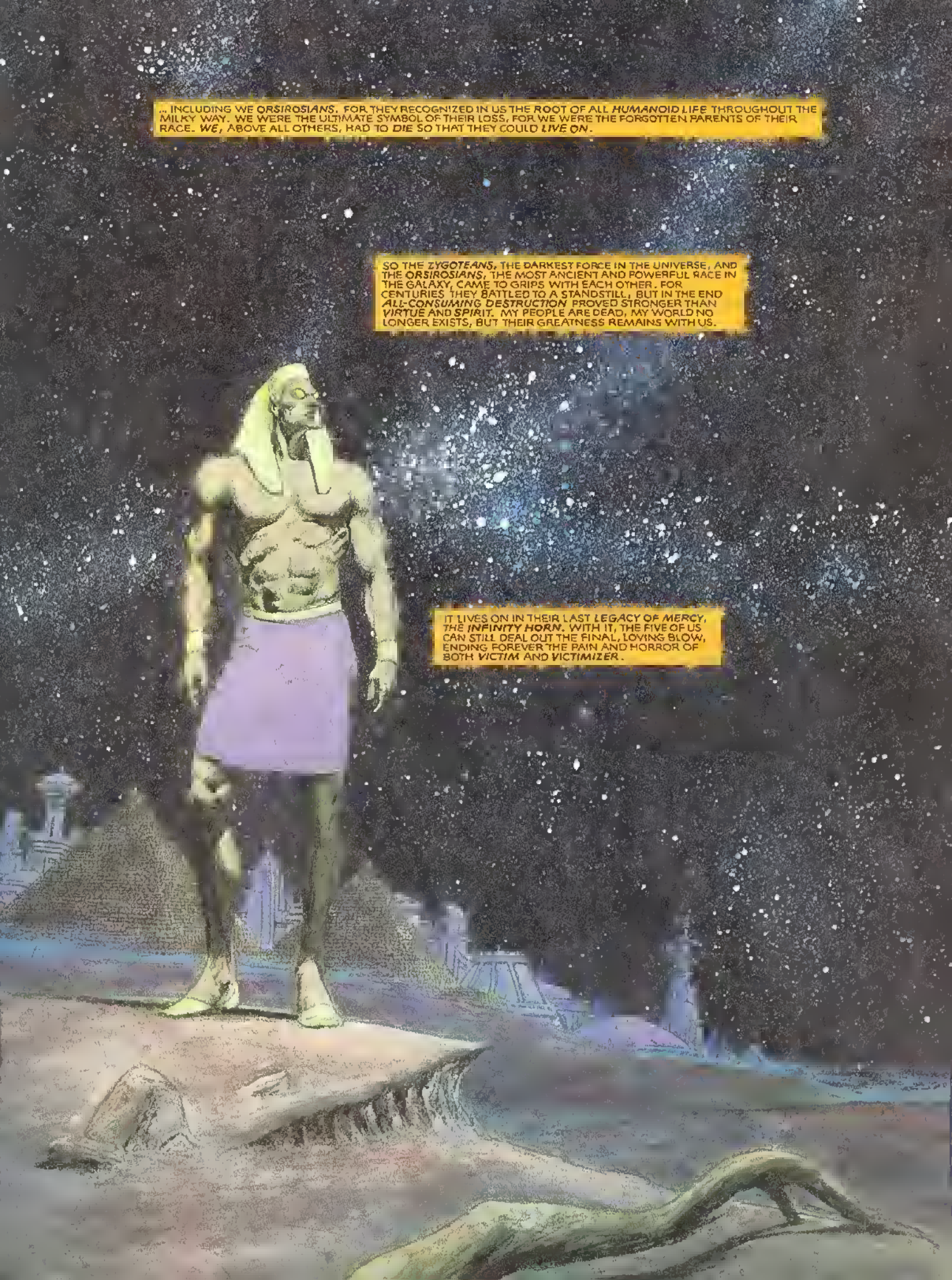
ZYGOTEA THE PLENTIFUL FELL INTO HANDS RINGED WITH POLITICAL POWER BUT SOILED WITH GREED, INSENSITIVITY AND INCOMPETENCE. NOBLE FAMILIES WERE FASHIONED TO MAN THE HELM. BUT THE NEW LEADERS' GOD WAS PROFIT RATHER THAN TOMORROW'S POSSIBILITY.
YET SONGS WERE SUNG IN WORD AND IMAGE THAT GLORIFIED THE CRUEL RAPE THAT FEW SEEMED TO NOTICE.
FIRST THE PLANET FELL VICTIM TO THEIR UNCONTROLLED HUNGER. TREES, MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS WERE REPLACED BY SCAR TISSUE. THE BRIGHT COLORS OF LIFE FADED TO A MONOCHROMATIC DULLNESS. THE RICHES THAT WERE MEANT FOR MANY FOUND THEIR WAY TO ONLY A CHOSEN FEW.
FOR THE ONE-EYED GOD SPOKE TO THE PEOPLE AND SHOWED THEM THAT LIMITED FACETS OF LIFE EXPLOITED TO THEIR FULLEST COULD BE MUCH MORE SATISFYING THAN SAMPLING THE ENTIRE SPECTRUM, SO THE ZYGOTEANS DANCED TO THEIR DOOM WITH A CONFUSED SMILE ON THEIR FACES, WONDERING IF THEY HAD MISSED SOMETHING ALONG THE WAY.
THEN ONE DAY THE SPRING DRIED UP...
... THE MASK FELL OFF, THE EYES CLEARED, AND THE HORROR BECAME PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE.

THE *JEWEL* HAD FINALLY CRUMBLED FROM WITHIN, AND ALL THAT REMAINED WERE THOSE WHO *RULED* AND THOSE WHO *WERE* RULED. THE FANTASY OF EQUALITY MELTED BEFORE THE REALITY THAT THE WORLD WAS MADE UP OF ONLY *WINNERS* AND *VICTIMS*. THE MASSES CRIED FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE BUT NO LONGER RECEIVED EVEN A COSMETIC RESPONSE.
FOR THE ONLY RESOURCE LEFT TO SAVE THE *PEOPLE* WAS THE *PEOPLE*.
SACRIFICES WERE CALLED FOR...

THE STARS BECKONED... UNFORTUNATELY ONLY A SELECT FEW WOULD BE ABLE TO ANSWER THAT SIREN'S CALL. ONLY THE BEST WOULD BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE THE CADAVER OF ZYGOTEA'S ONCE-NOBLE DREAMS.
PERSUADED BY THE MIGHT OF ZYGOTEA'S MILITARY AND BLESSED BY THE HOLY OFFICES OF THE CHURCH, THE MANY SET OUT TO SAVE THE FEW.
THEIR SWEAT AND MUSCLE BUILD THE SHIPS OF THE FLEET
THEIR BLOOD WAS SPILT TO TEST THE WEAPONS THE FAMILIES WOULD NEED AMONG THE STARS...
... AND FINALLY, THEIR BODIES WERE USED TO FUEL THE FLEET'S MAIDEN VOYAGE.
SO DIED ZYGOTEA SO LIVED THE ZYGOTEANS

THUS THE *WOLVES* SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE JEWELS OF THE NIGHT AND PROSPERED.
FOR ZYGOTEAN HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF AT EVERY PLANET THE FLEET CAME UPON.
WITH EACH CONQUEST THE *BEAST* GREW STRONGER, PARTLY FROM THE VAST *MERCENARY FORCE* IT PICKED FROM THE MOST VILLAINOUS AND CRAVEN OF ITS VICTIMS, PARTLY FROM THE *PERVERTED TALENT* IT POSSESSED TO DISSECT ANY KNOWLEDGE OR POSSIBILITY AND GATHER INTO ITSELF THE *DARKNESS* FOUND THERE, LEAVING THE *LIGHT* SCATTERED AND TORN IN ITS WAKE.
WORLDS FELL UNCOUNTED AND THE ZYGOTEANS BECAME SOMETHING AKIN TO A *DARK FORCE* OF *NATURE*.

BUT ALIEN *TASTES* BREED ALIEN *TRAITS*, AND SOMETIMES THE SOUL HAS A STRANGE ABILITY TO MANIFEST THE *DARKNESS* WHICH DWELLS WITHIN. ONE DAY THE NOBLES OF ZYGOTEA GAZED WITHIN THE LOOKING GLASS AND FOUND IT HARD TO REMEMBER THE PAST.
OUT OF THE *CONFUSION* AND *PAIN* GREW A SELF-HATRED SO TOWERING THAT *NONE* RECOGNIZED IT, BUT *ALL* USED IT TO FUEL THEIR MAD ODYSSEY OF DESTRUCTION. THEIR BLACK AND TWISTED EXISTENCE SPREAD, CRUSHING *ANYTHING* WHICH REMINDED THEM OF THE LIVES WHICH THEY HAD MUTILATED AND LOST FOREVER.
UNFORTUNATELY, *EVERYTHING* WAS A REMINDER...


... INCLUDING WE ORSIROSIANS. FOR THEY RECOGNIZED IN US THE ROOT OF ALL HUMANOID LIFE THROUGHOUT THE MILKY WAY. WE WERE THE ULTIMATE SYMBOL OF THEIR LOSS, FOR WE WERE THE FORGOTTEN PARENTS OF THEIR RACE. WE, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, HAD TO DIE SO THAT THEY COULD LIVE ON.
SO THE ZYGOTEANS, THE DARKEST FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE, AND THE ORSIROSIANS, THE MOST ANCIENT AND POWERFUL RACE IN THE GALAXY, CAME TO GRIPS WITH EACH OTHER. FOR CENTURIES THEY BATTLED TO A STANDSTILL, BUT IN THE END ALL-CONSUMING DESTRUCTION PROVED STRONGER THAN VIRTUE AND SPIRIT. MY PEOPLE ARE DEAD, MY WORLD NO LONGER EXISTS, BUT THEIR GREATNESS REMAINS WITH US.
IT LIVES ON IN THEIR LAST LEGACY OF MERCY, THE INFINITY HORN. WITH IT, THE FIVE OF US CAN STILL DEAL OUT THE FINAL, LOVING BLOW, ENDING FOREVER THE PAIN AND HORROR OF BOTH VICTIM AND VICTIMIZER.

OUR JOB NOW, MY FRIENDS, IS TO FULFILL THE *DEATH WISH* OF A GALAXY, AND PRAY THAT IN DOING SO...
...WE CREATE A NEW AND BETTER *BEGINNING*.

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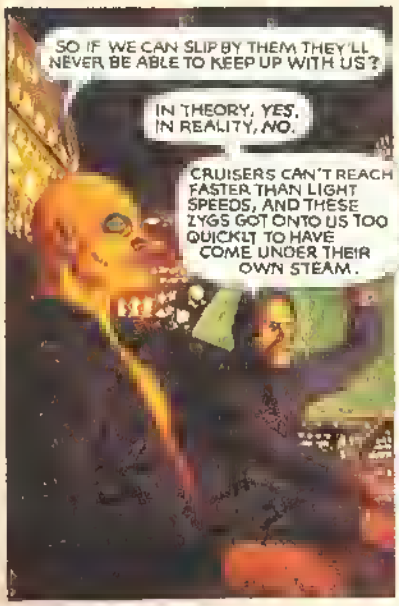
WE'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND IN TIME.
I'LL HAVE TO USE MY MAGICKS TO WHISK US TO SAFETY.
NO! IT WAS PROBABLY YOUR MAGICKS THAT GOT US INTO THIS FIX.
YOU INSISTED ON WARPING US BACK TO THIS PLANET TO SAVE TIME AFTER WE PICKED UP THAT GOLD TRINKET OF YOURS ON DELLORAN.
THAT'S MORE THAN LIKELY HOW THEY FOUND US, BY TRACKING THE ENERGIES YOUR SORCERIES PRODUCE.

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS MY SHIP. SHE'S LIGHT-POWERED SO SHE CAN'T BE TRACKED.
PLUS SHE'S A LOT MORE THAN THOSE CRUISERS CAN HANDLE.

THE "LIGHT CUTTER" LOOKS SMALL AND HARMLESS BUT IT'S BEEN STRIPPED FOR SPEED AND ARMED TO THE TEETH.
THAT'S WHY SHE'S GOOD FOR ONLY SHORT JUMPS... MINIMAL LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS.

WHAT ABOUT THOSE CRUISERS?
THEY'RE ATOMIC, POWERFUL BUT CLUMSY COMPARED TO THIS BEAUTY'S ABILITIES.


SO IF WE CAN SLIP BY THEM THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH US?
IN THEORY, YES. IN REALITY, NO.
CRUISERS CAN'T REACH FASTER THAN LIGHT SPEEDS, AND THESE ZYGS GOT ONTO US TOO QUICKLY TO HAVE COME UNDER THEIR OWN STEAM.

SO, CHANCES ARE THERE'S A RATHER LARGE FRIEND OF THEIRS WAITING FOR US JUST ABOVE THE STRATOSPHERE.
YOU MEAN A ZYGOTEAN DREADNOUGHT?

EXACTLY, AND THOSE SHIPS ARE LIGHT POWERED WITH ENOUGH FIRE STRENGTH TO DECIMATE A SOLAR SYSTEM.

SO I DON'T WANT THOSE CRUISERS ON MY TAIL WHILE I'M LOCKING HORNS WITH THAT BIG BASTARD IN THE SKY.
VANTH! THE CRUISERS ARE COMING IN FOR THE KILL AT POINT 5.73 AND 6.57.
SO, IT'S TIME TO TURN ON THE JUICE!
A QUICK OVERHEAD LOOP WITH A POINT 3.5 TURN...
..FOLLOWED BY A POINT 5.25 ROLLBACK AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
TWO CRUISERS FULL OF ZYGS ON THEIR WAY TO HELL.

SO MUCH FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHT STUFF!
WHAT NOW?
WE'RE OFF TO FIND A ZYG DREAD NOUGHT.
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY THINKING OF ATTACKING, ARE YOU? SURELY WE'D BE BETTER OFF TRYING TO OUT-RUN THE DREADNOUGHT?
THOSE MONSTER SHIPS ARE INVINCIBLE. NOT EVEN THE MIGHT OF THE ORSIROSIAN EMPIRE COULD STAND UP TO THEIR POWER.
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE THE ORSIROSIAN EMPIRE DIDN'T STUDY THEIR SCANNINGS OF THOSE SHIPS CLOSELY ENOUGH. BESIDES...

DO YOU *REALLY* THINK WE COULD OUTRUN SOMETHING LIKE *THAT*?
VANTH, YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL KILLED.
NOT IF THE ZYGS PLAY IT THE WAY I FIGURE THEY WILL.
THIS SHIP OF OURS IS A REAL *LIGHTWEIGHT* IN THEIR BOOK.
I'M HOPING THEY FIGURE WE'RE NOT WORTH FIRING UP THE DREADNOUGHT'S *BIG GUNS* TO GET.
MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'LL DISPATCH ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR *CRUISERS* TO BACK UP THE *TWO* ALREADY OUT HERE. THEY'LL THINK THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH TO HANDLE US.
SURE ENOUGH HERE THEY COME!
WHICH MEANS THE HANGAR ENTRANCE *SHIELDS* ARE DOWN...
... REVEALING THE BEAST'S *SOFT UNDERBELLY* TO ME.

SENSORS INDICATE ONE LAST CRUISER ABOUT TO LAUNCH. AFTER IT DEPARTS, HANGAR SHIELDS WILL AUTOMATICALLY REACTIVATE IN .25 SECONDS.
IF I'M TO ACT, IT MUST BE NOW!
SHIELDS maximum··
LASERS armed·· fully charged··
HANG ON TO YOUR SEATS, GANG!
WE'RE ABOUT TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
HE'S GOING TO KILL US!!

THE SHIELDS HELD...
...I WASN'T SURE THEY WOULD.

YOU SEE, INSIDE THE DREADNOUGHT'S HANGAR DECK, THE SHIP'S *POWER PODS* AREN'T SUFFICIENTLY PROTECTED WHEN THE ENTRANCE SHIELDS ARE DOWN.
YOU ORSIROSIANS OBVIOUSLY TRIED MATCHING FIREPOWER WITH THOSE BEHEMOTHS AND LOST.
WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE WAS THINK SMALL, FAST AND *DIRTY*.
WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE DONE WAS HUNTED UP AN INTELLECT AS *DARK* AND *SCHEMING* AS YOURS TO LEAD US INTO BATTLE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WITH SOMEONE LIKE *YOU* IN CONTROL OF ORSIROS' ARMED FORCES WE COULD HAVE DESTROYED THE ZYGOTEAN MENACE CENTURIES AGO...
...INSTEAD OF MARCHING THE MAD PATH OF *SELF-DESTRUCTION* WE NOW FOLLOW.
PERHAPS... OR PERHAPS A PERSON LIKE *ME* WITH THAT MUCH POWER WOULD HAVE PROVEN A *GREATER DANGER* THAN THE ZYGS.
BUT NONE OF THAT REALLY MATTERS NOW, FOR *WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN* IS LONG DEAD, AND *WHAT IS TO BE* CANNOT BE CHANGED. YOU'VE SHOWN ME THAT, ANK.
THEN LET US BE OFF!
THE CO-*ORDINATES* HAVE BEEN PUNCHED INTO THE SHIP'S COMPUTER.
NEXT AND *LAST* STOP IS A PLANET CALLED...
...*DREAMSEND*

METAMORPHOSIS ODYSSEY continues next issue

DEAD
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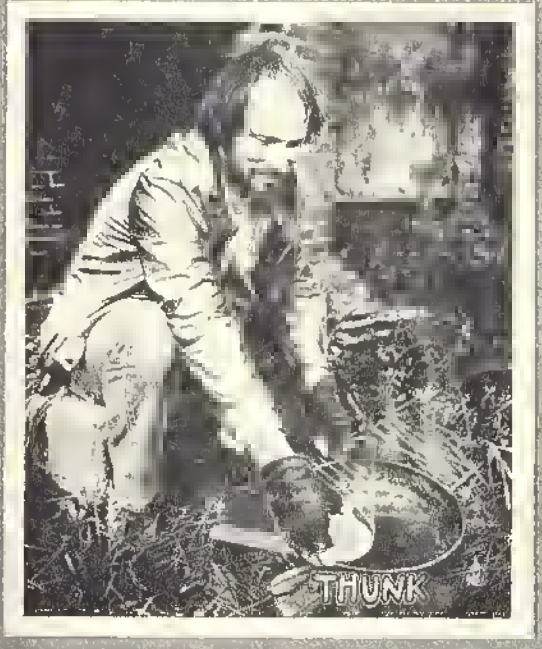
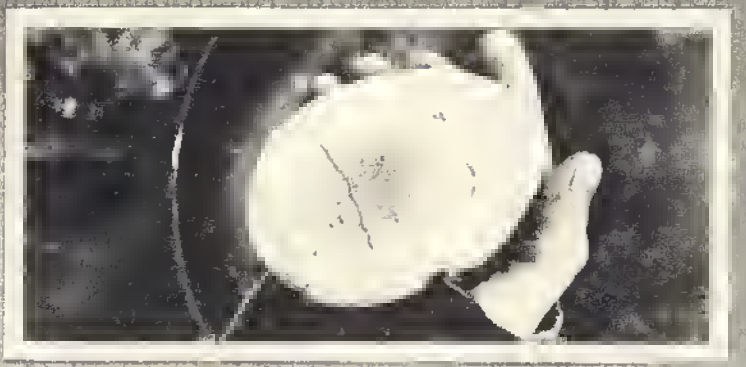
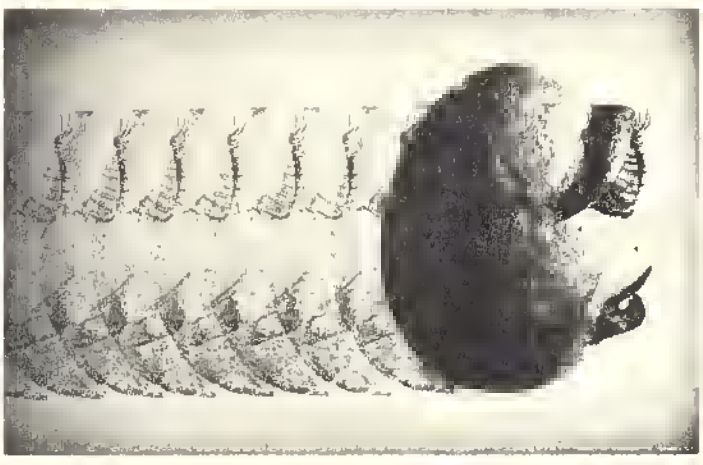
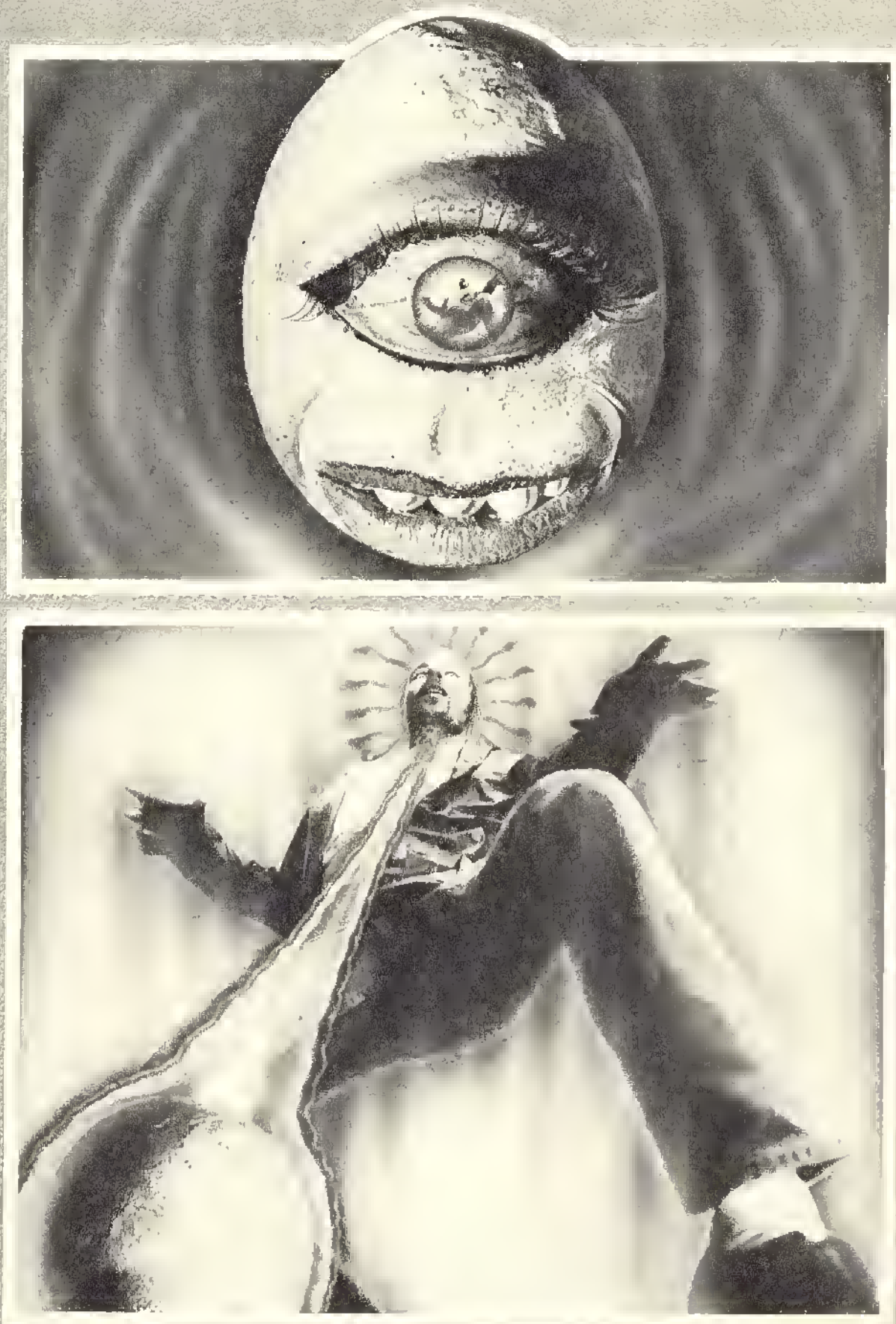
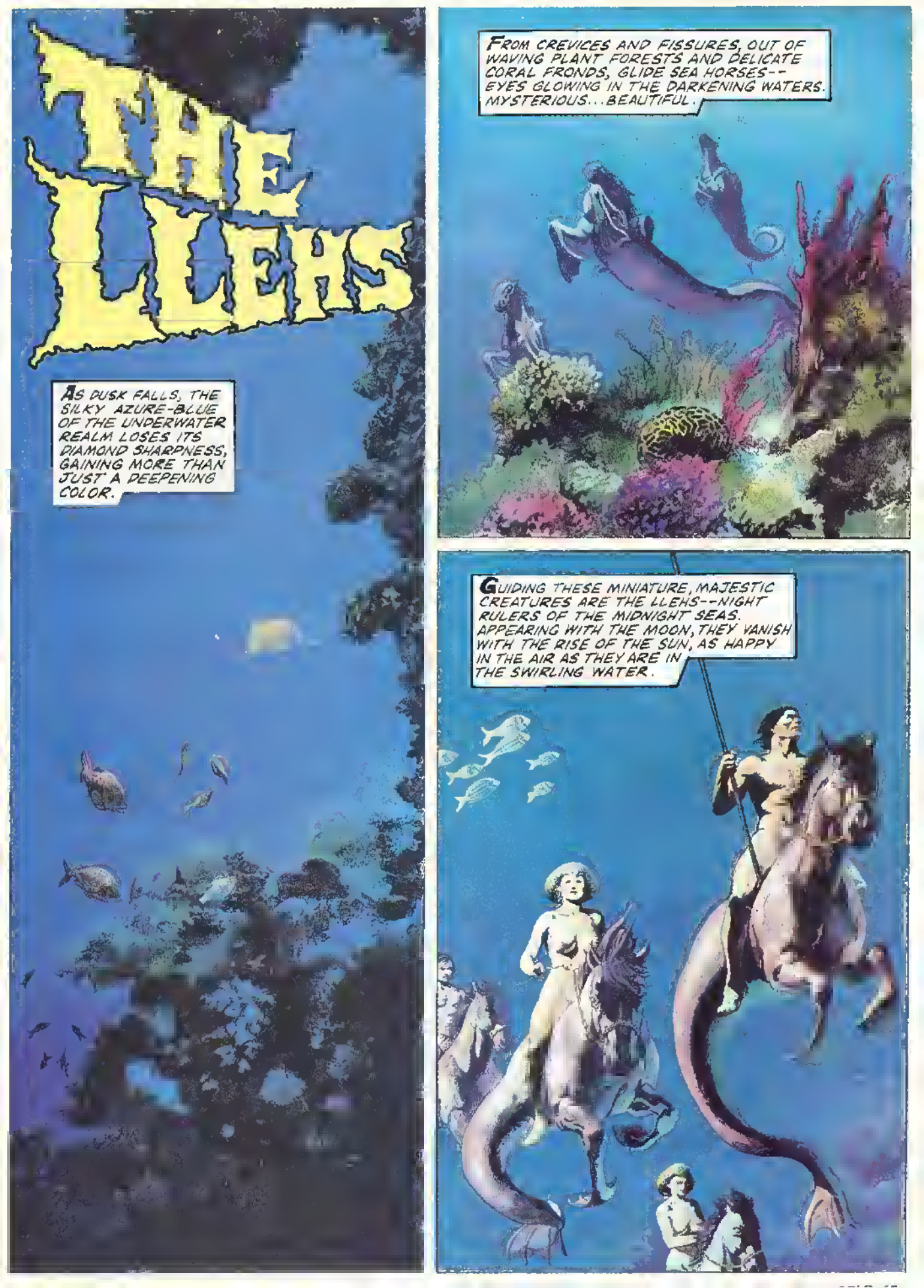

THUNK





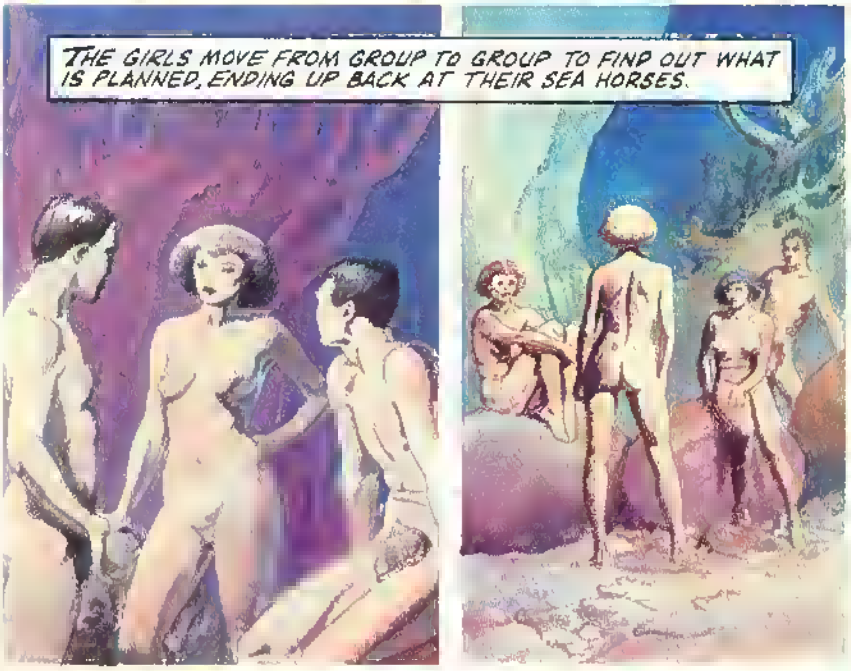



THE LLEHS
AS DUSK FALLS, THE SILKY AZURE-BLUE OF THE UNDERWATER REALM LOSES ITS DIAMOND SHARPNESS, GAINING MORE THAN JUST A DEEPENING COLOR.
FROM CREVICES AND FISSURES, OUT OF WAVING PLANT FORESTS AND DELICATE CORAL FRONDS, GLIDE SEA HORSES--EYES GLOWING IN THE DARKENING WATERS. MYSTERIOUS...BEAUTIFUL.
GUIDING THESE MINIATURE, MAJESTIC CREATURES ARE THE LLEHS--NIGHT RULERS OF THE MIDNIGHT SEAS. APPEARING WITH THE MOON, THEY VANISH WITH THE RISE OF THE SUN, AS HAPPY IN THE AIR AS THEY ARE IN THE SWIRLING WATER.

THIS NIGHT SEES TWO HEADSTRONG YOUNG SISTERS, ANIR AND MALI, ASTRIDE THEIR ELEGANT MOUNTS, LEAVING HOME TO FIND ADVENTURE WHEREVER IT MIGHT BE.
DON'T TALK TO ANY STRANGE MEN! AND DON'T GO NEAR THE EDGE!
DON'T BE BACK LATE!

PARENTS! ANYONE WOULD THINK WE COULDN'T LOOK AFTER OURSELVES!
AND I WONDER WHERE WE CAN FIND SOME STRANGE MEN TO TALK TO--IT'S GETTING SO DULL 'ROUND HERE.

THE GIRLS GLIDE SLOWLY DOWN TO A WIDE SANDY PLAIN WHERE GROUPS OF YOUNG LLEHS ARE ALSO DISCUSSING THE NIGHT'S POSSIBILITIES.


THE GIRLS MOVE FROM GROUP TO GROUP TO FIND OUT WHAT IS PLANNED, ENDING UP BACK AT THEIR SEA HORSES.

WE'LL FALL ASLEEP IF WE STAY WITH THIS CROWD, MALI. LET'S MOVE ON--I'VE AN IDEA THAT COULD SPARK UP THE EVENING!

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU TWO OFF TO--CAN WE COME TOO?
WE'RE GOING HUNTING IN THE DEPTHS--AND YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO JOIN US... IF YOU'VE GOT THE GUTS!
WE'RE GOING WHERE?!!
BUT NOT ONE PERSON TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE TO ACCOMPANY THEM.
ARE YOU CRAZY? IT'S SO CREEPY DOWN THERE.. AND AREN'T YOU SCARED THAT THE DEMAID MIGHT GET US?
DON'T BE SILLY MALI, DEMAIDS DON'T EXIST. ANYWAY IT'S MORE FUN DOWN THERE THAN HANGING AROUND WITH THOSE KIDS.
HUNTING THE SKELETAL, FLUORESCENT MONSTERS IN THE CONSTANT, ENVELOPING DARKNESS IS ANIR'S ULTIMATE THRILL. ARMED ONLY WITH STEELY NERVE AND A SPEAR SHE DELIGHTS IN THE DANGER, THE SPINE-TINGLING ANTICIPATION OF THE CHASE. GENERATIONS OF LLEH HAVE SCARED THEIR CHILDREN WITH STORIES OF THE DEMAID--HALF WOMAN, HALF FISH --THAT LIVES IN THE DARK DEPTHS. BUT ANIR CARES NOTHING FOR STORIES.

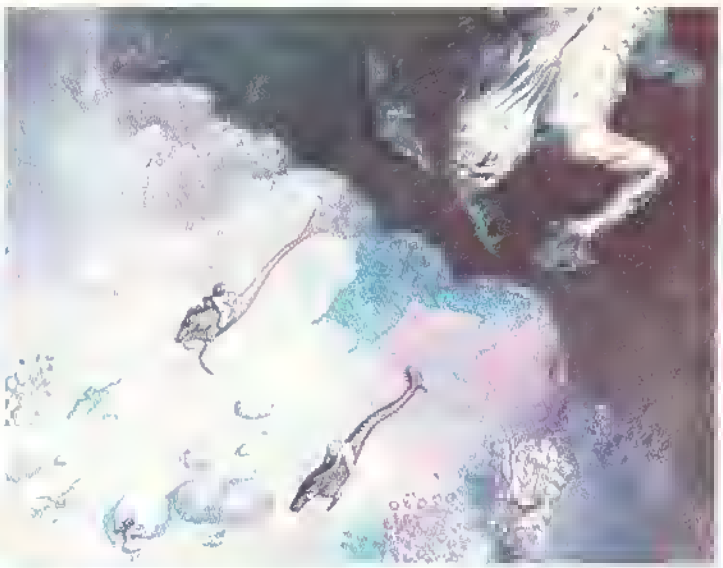
THEIR EYES GROW MORE ACCUSTOMED TO THE INKY WATER THE FURTHER THEY GO.
STAYING CLOSE TO ONE ANOTHER, THE GIRLS FIND SOME PREY AND THE CHASE IS ON.
THEY ARE FAST, BUT THE FISH IS FASTER STILL -- WEAVING IN AND OUT OF ROCKS, DIVING, TURNING SUDDENLY DOWNWARDS-- THE PURSUIT IS FURIOUS.

THE SHOCKWAVES OF THE HEADLONG CHASE ARE FELT DEEP IN A HIDDEN CAVE. ITS OCCUPANT AWAKES FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AND SLITHERS TO THE ENTRANCE.
HUNGER RUMBLES IN THE CREATURE'S STOMACH AS ITS EYES FIX, GLINTING, ON THE DEATH-BALLET BEING PLAYED OUT BEFORE IT.
ONE POWERFUL PUSH, ONE WAVE OF ITS TAIL, AND THE DEMAID IS HUNTING THE HUNTERS.

OH, MY GOD! ANIR, WHAT IS IT?!
I'M NOT STAYING TO FIND OUT!

IT'S STILL THERE ANIR! FOR GOD'S SAKE WHAT IS IT?
IT MUST BE A DEMAID-- IF WE SURVIVE THIS I'M GOING TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING FATHER TELLS ME!

AS THEY RISE THROUGH THE VELVET WATER, THEY SEE IN THE DISTANCE GROUPS OF THEIR FRIENDS STILL STANDING AROUND AND TALKING.
GET OUT! THERE'S A DEMAID-- QUICK!



REACHING OUT WITH FRIGHTENING EASE, THE DEMAID TEARS AT MALI AND HER SEA HORSE. A STRONG UNDERCURRENT SWEEPS ANIR OFF HER MOUNT AND TO THE SURFACE--HER SISTER'S SCREAMS ECHOING IN HER EARS.

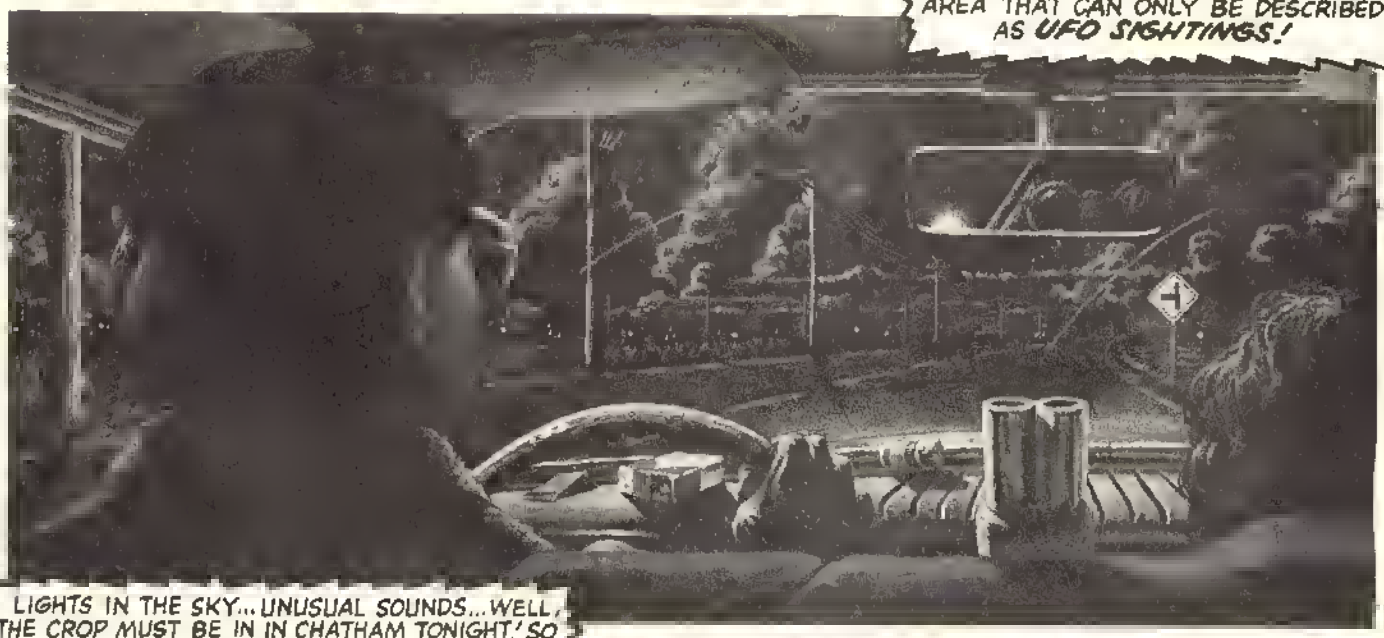
AS SHE SEARCHES THE WAVES FOR HER SISTER, A HUGE SWELL OF WATER CATCHES ANIR FROM BEHIND AND SHOOTS HER TOWARDS...THE EDGE!

THE EDGE! I'VE MADE IT TO THE EDGE!
FORGETTING ALL THE WARNINGS, SHE STANDS UP ON A ROCK. LOOKING UP SHE SEES SOMETHING SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.
FASCINATED, ANIR WATCHES AS IT GROWS BIGGER. COULD THIS BE THE INHABITANTS COMING TO GREET HER?
UNAFRAID, SHE WAITS.
I SAID YOU'D MISS! I TOLD YOU SO-- AND IT WAS OUR LAST SHOT!
Coca-Cola

...YOU'RE YOUNG BY DAVID BOWIE HERE ON WCVS SPRINGFIELD. IT'S TWENTY-FOUR DEGREES AT 11:53 IN THE CAPITAL CITY, AND WE'LL BE COMING BACK TO MORE HIT MUSIC IN JUST ONE MINUTE... BUT FIRST...

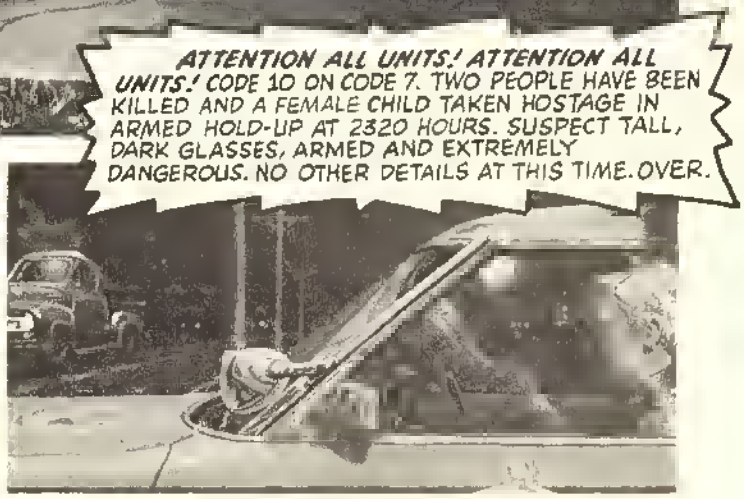
UFO

...I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT WE'VE RECEIVED SEVERAL PHONE CALLS TONIGHT FROM LISTENERS IN THE CHATHAM AREA THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS UFO SIGHTINGS!



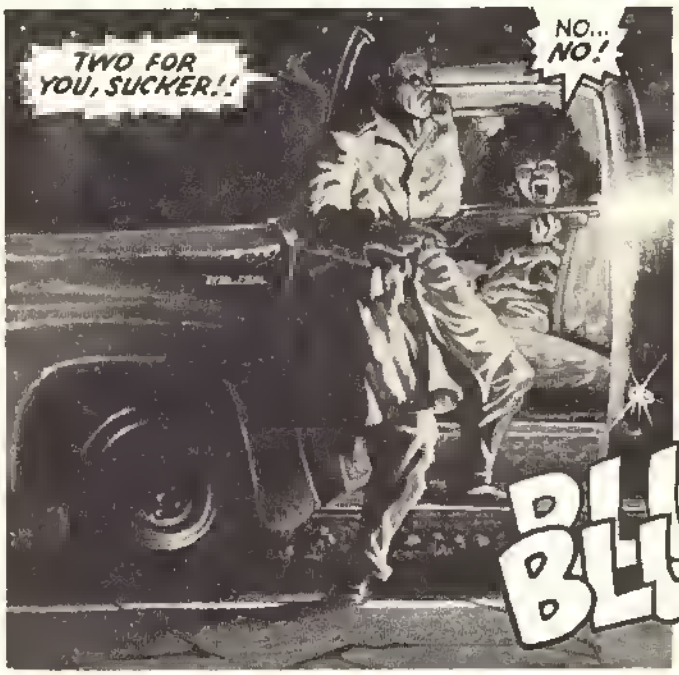
LIGHTS IN THE SKY... UNUSUAL SOUNDS... WELL, THE CROP MUST BE IN IN CHATHAM TONIGHT,' SO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SKY AND YOUR EAR RIGHT HERE...

...CAUSE THE TOWER OF POWER GONNA BLAST WHILE WE LAST ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT... LIKE WITH THIS NEXT LITTLE DITTY BY THE TALKING...

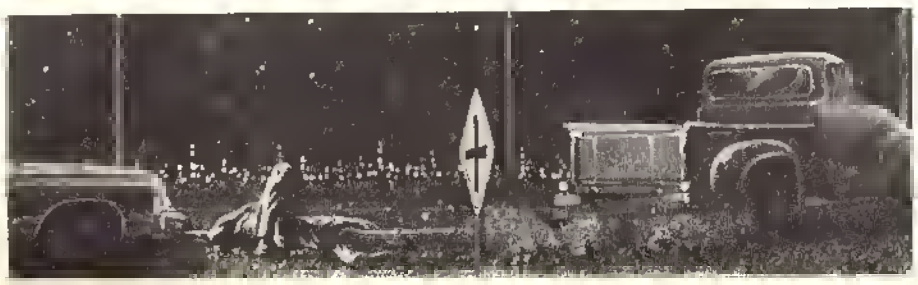

ATTENTION ALL UNITS! ATTENTION ALL UNITS! CODE 10 ON CODE 7. TWO PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED AND A FEMALE CHILD TAKEN HOSTAGE IN ARMED HOLD-UP AT 2320 HOURS. SUSPECT TALL, DARK GLASSES, ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. NO OTHER DETAILS AT THIS TIME. OVER.

BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH. BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH. I HAVE A CODE 9 OUT HERE ON HAZEL DELL. LOOKS LIKE A '51 OR '52 FORD PICKUP DOING ABOUT 75. WILL PURSUE. OVER.

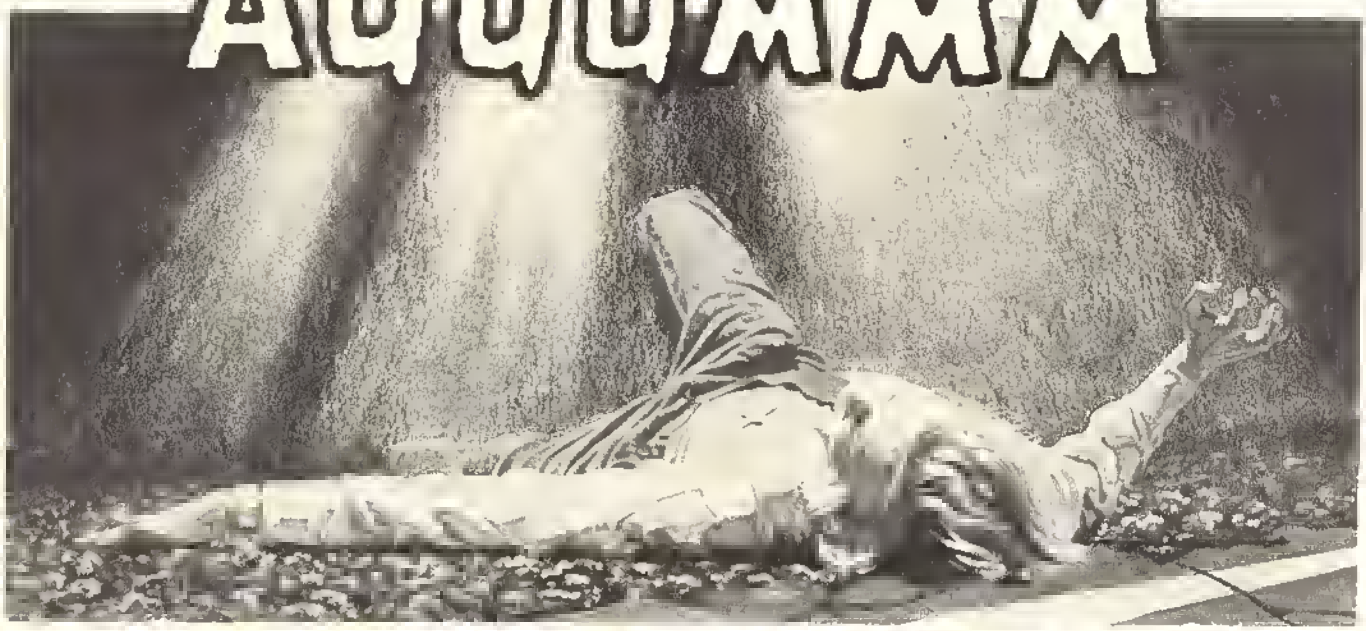
BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH. BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH. CODE 3 ON LICENSE 806MB. MILE 2.75 SOUTH C.3 WEST. 23:57 HOURS. OVER.
ROGER, BAKER-10 CODE NOTED. PROCEED. OVER AND OUT.


TWO FOR YOU, SUCKER!!
NO... NO!

BLUUG BLUUG!



AUUUMMM

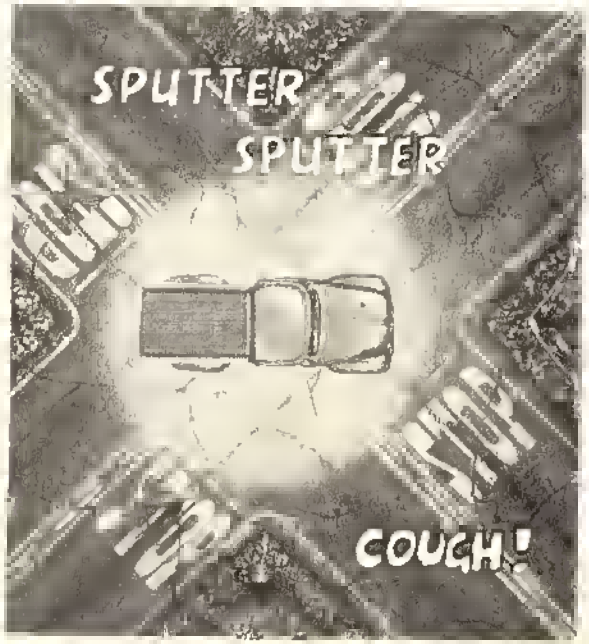


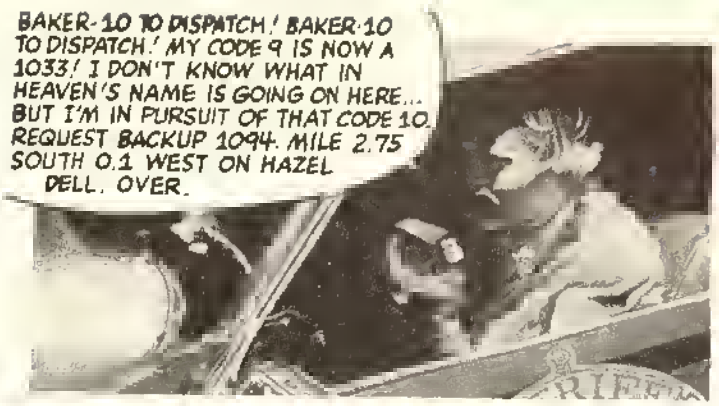
"TWELVE MIDNIGHT AND TIME FOR THE WCVS NEWSBREAK. AT ELEVEN-THIRTY TONIGHT THE WHITE HEN PANTRY ON WABASH WAS ROBBED AT GUN POINT AND TWO WOMEN, ONE AN EMPLOYEE OF THE PANTRY AND THE OTHER A CUSTOMER, WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED BY AN ASSAILANT ARMED WITH A SAWED-OFF DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

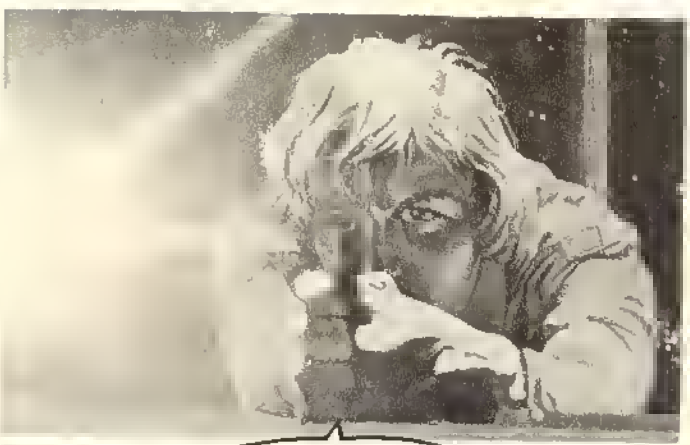
"A GIRL, AGE TWELVE, THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE SLAIN WOMEN WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE KILLER WHO FLED THE SCENE WITH THE CHILD IN A '53 FORD PICKUP.

"THE ASSAILANT HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS 29-YEAR-OLD KARL BOESDORFER OF SPRINGFIELD, RELEASED ON PROBATION SIX MONTHS AGO AFTER SERVING FIVE YEARS OF A TWENTY YEAR SENTENCE ON PREVIOUS CHARGES OF ARMED ROBBERY AND SALE OF CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES.

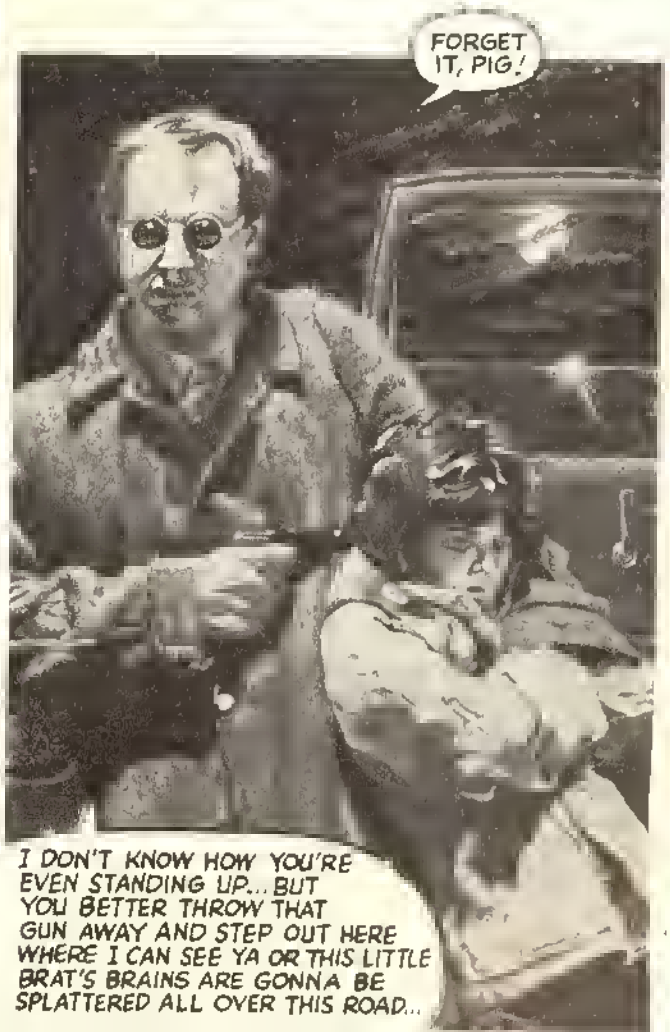
"POLICE WARN THE PUBLIC THAT THE MAN IS ARMED AND ***EXTREMELY DANGEROUS...***"

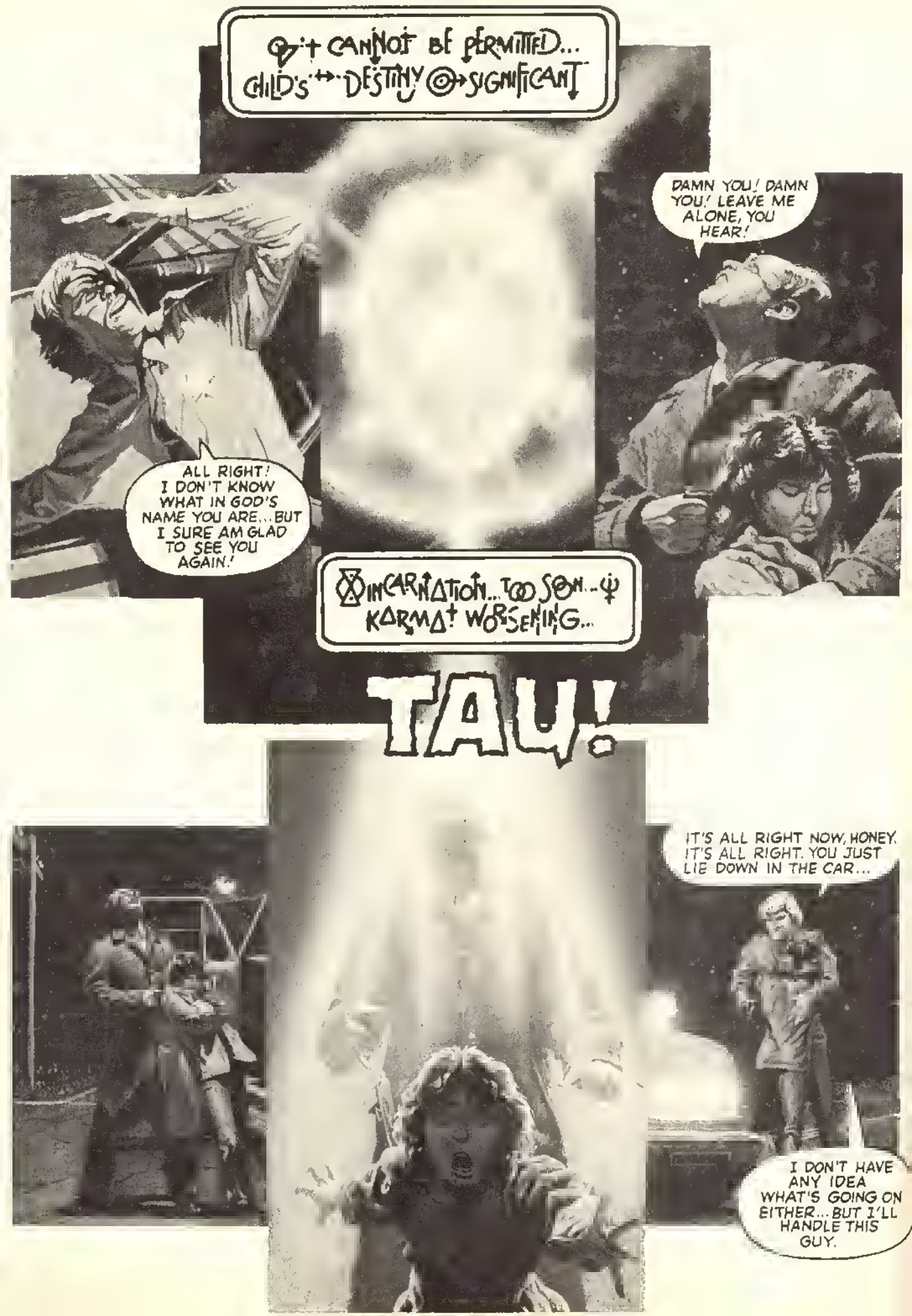


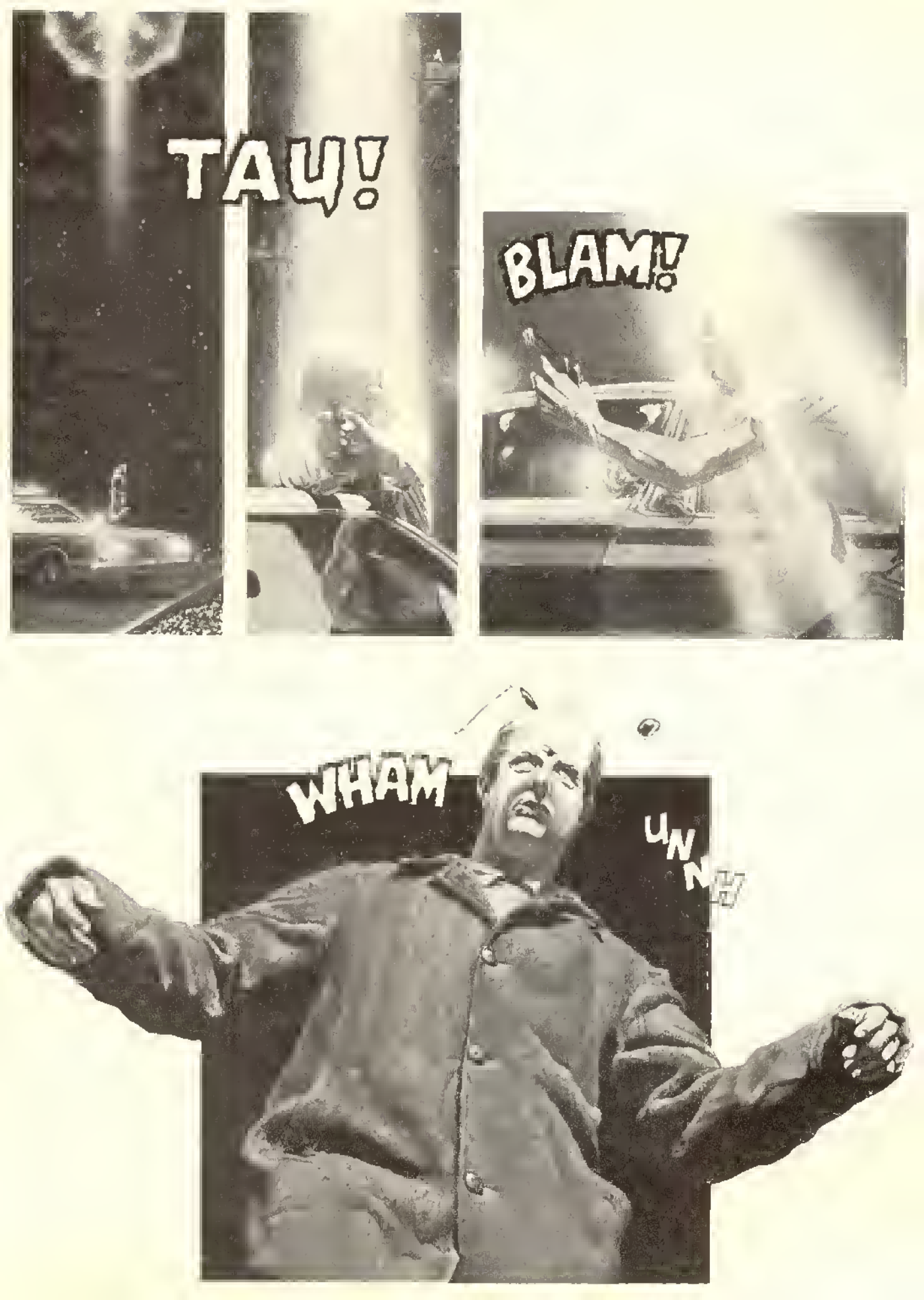

BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH! BAKER-10 TO DISPATCH! MY CODE 9 IS NOW A 1033! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE... BUT I'M IN PURSUIT OF THAT CODE 10. REQUEST BACKUP 1094. MILE 2.75 SOUTH 0.1 WEST ON HAZEL DELL. OVER.

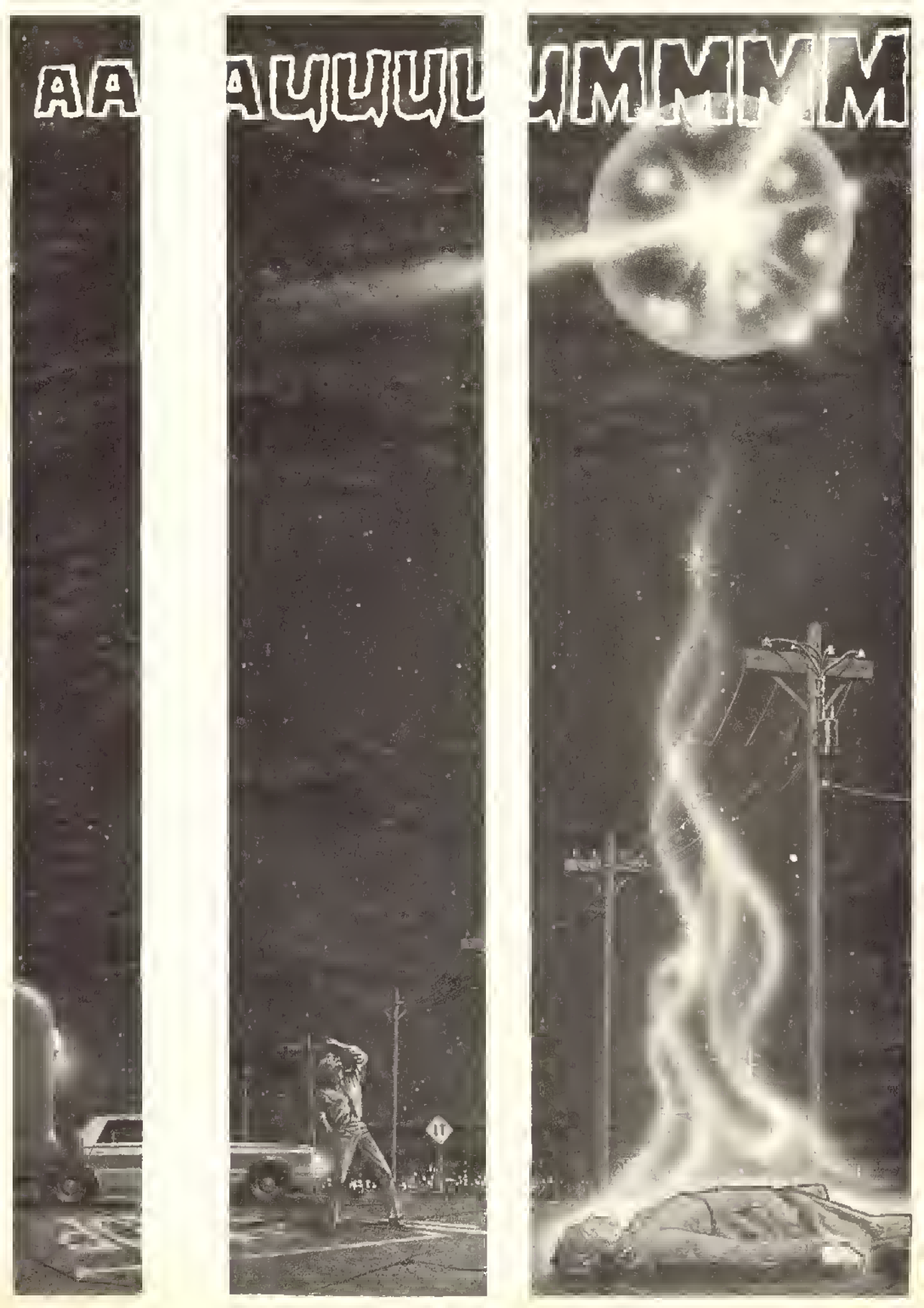


FREEZE, MISTER. DROP YOUR GUN AND LET THE GIRL GO. I GOT FIVE SQUAD CARS AND A ***SWAT*** TEAM ON THEIR WAY HERE RIGHT NOW. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A...

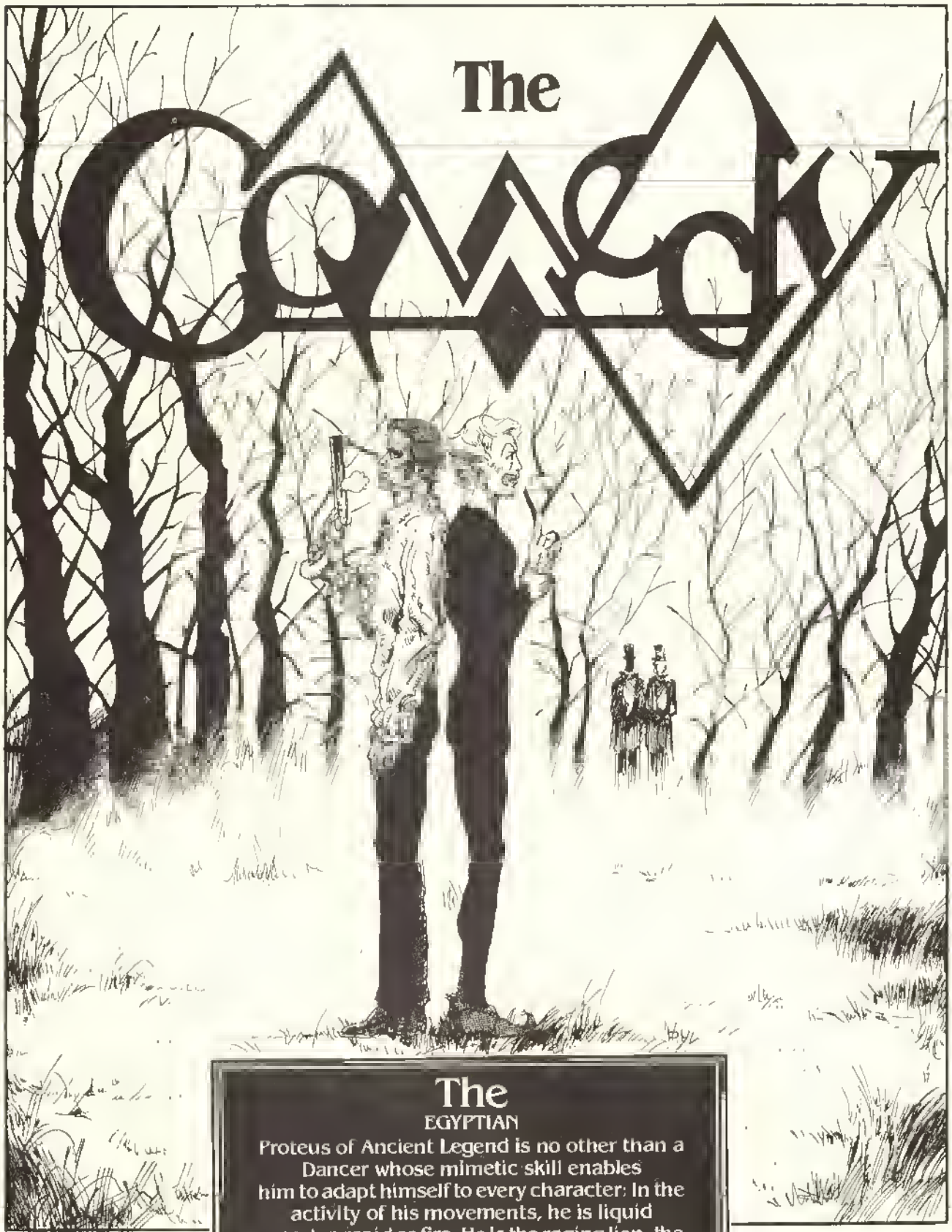

FORGET IT, PIG!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE EVEN STANDING UP... BUT YOU BETTER THROW THAT GUN AWAY AND STEP OUT HERE WHERE I CAN SEE YA OR THIS LITTLE BRAT'S BRAINS ARE GONNA BE SPLATTERED ALL OVER THIS ROAD...


IT CANNOT BE PERMITTED... CHILD'S DESTINY SIGNIFICANT
ALL RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IN GOD'S NAME YOU ARE... BUT I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU HEAR!
INCARNATION... TOO SOON... KARMA! WORSENING...
TAU!
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, HONEY. IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU JUST LIE DOWN IN THE CAR...
I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON EITHER... BUT I'LL HANDLE THIS GUY.


TAU!
BLAM!
WHAM
UNN


AA
AUUUU
JMMMM

STOP



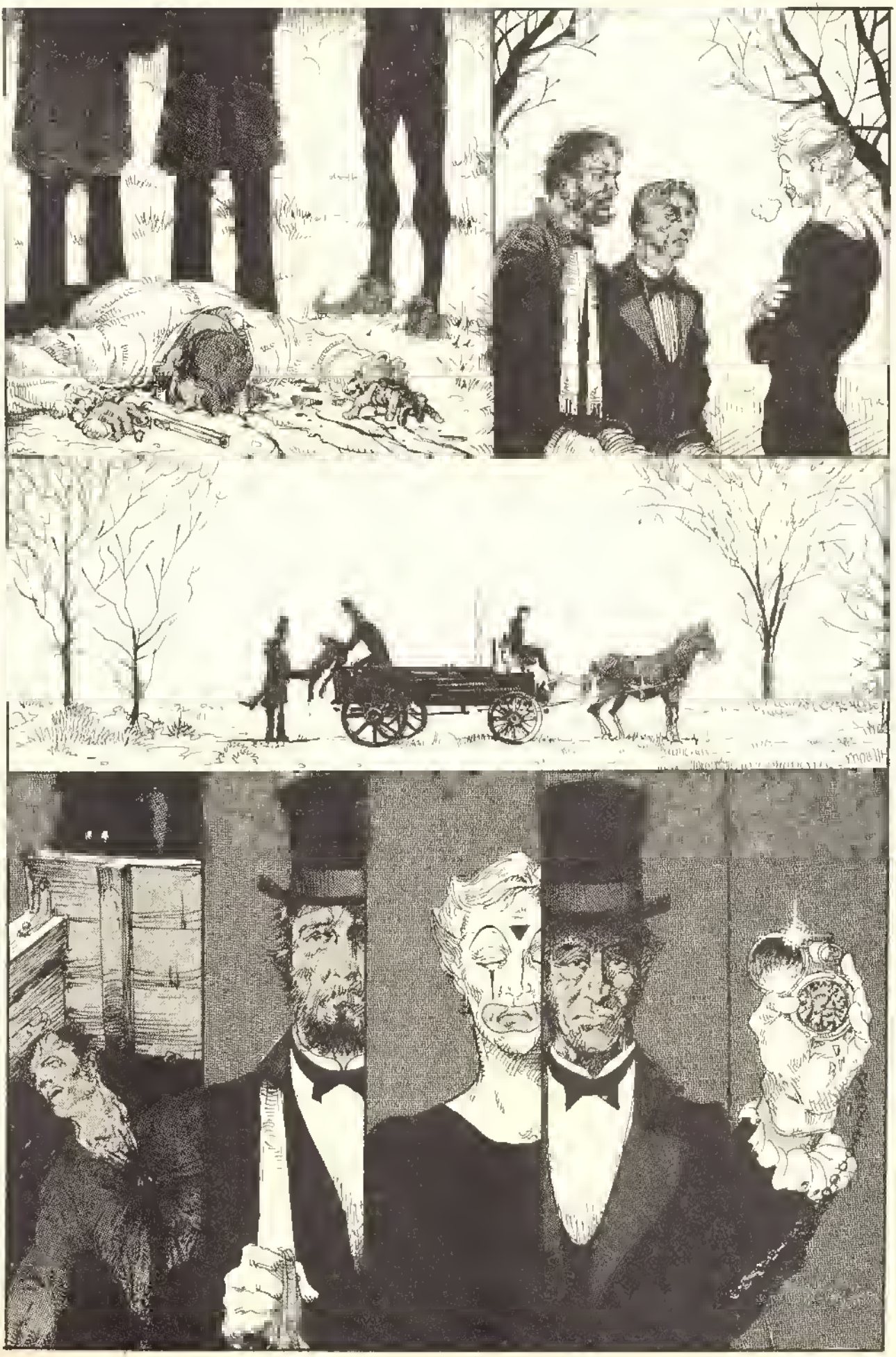
The

EGYPTIAN

Proteus of Ancient Legend is no other than a Dancer whose mimetic skill enables him to adapt himself to every character: In the activity of his movements, he is liquid as water, rapid as fire; He Is the raging lion, the savage panther, the trembling bough; He is what he will. The Legend takes these aspects and gives them a supernatural turn – For mimicry substituting Metamorphisis.

LUCIAN — 2ND CENTURY B.C.

bang!!



In

PANTOMIME,

as in rhetoric, there can be an excess of merit. A man may exceed the proper bounds of imitation; what should be great may become monstrous, softness may be exaggerated into effeminacy, and the courage of a man into the ferocity of a beast.

LUCIAN — 2ND CENTURY B.C.

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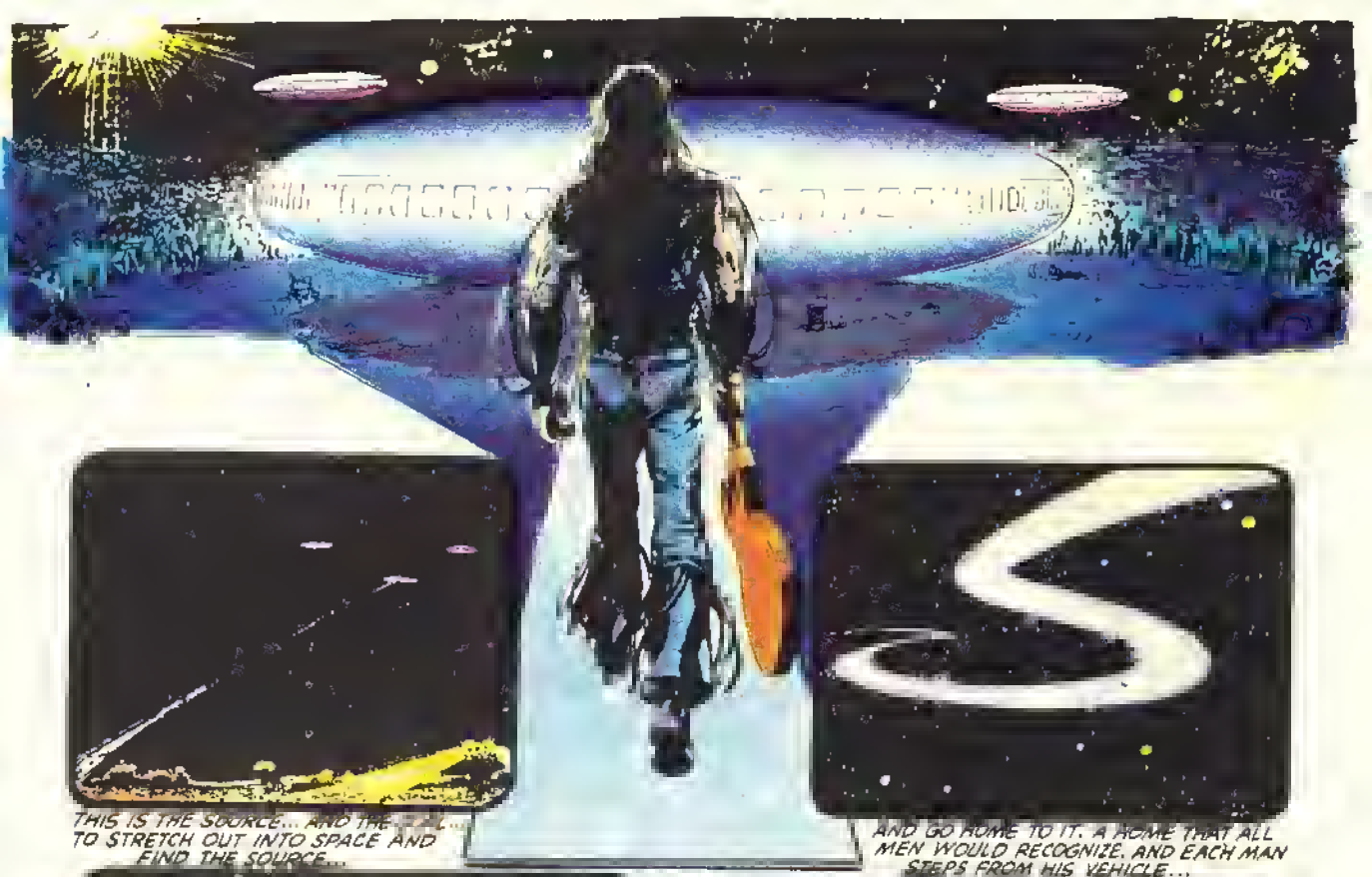
HOLOCAUST (continued from page 18)

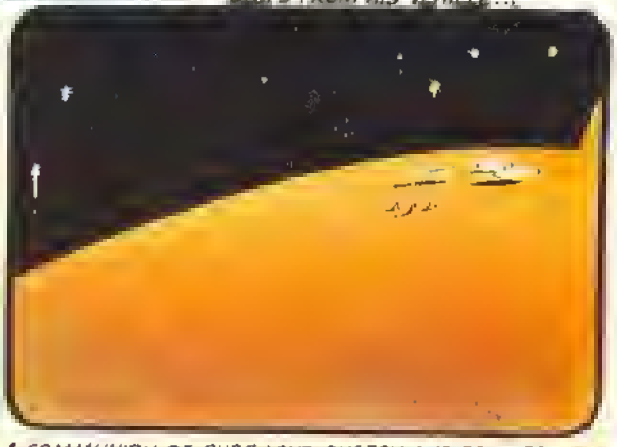
WE CAN PUT THE WORLD BEHIND US. WE CAN MAKE OUR OWN HEAVEN! OUR OWN HEAVEN... AND IT'S FREE FOR US TO CHOOSE. IT TAKES AS MUCH EFFORT TO GAIN HEAVEN AS IT DOES TO GAIN NOTHING, AND AS MUCH TIME. COME AND LOOK THROUGH MY MIND'S EYE...
MIND'S EYE.
MIND'S EYE.
MIND'S EYE
CAN THERE BE A RIGHT TIME AND A WRONG TIME FOR TRUTH? MAYBE THIS IS A WRONG TIME... NO, IT WAS A RIGHT TIME, AND ANY AND ALL TIMES ARE THE RIGHT TIME.
MIND'S EYE
BUT NOW THAT THE WORDS HAVE BEEN SPOKEN, A TASK STANDS BEFORE MAN AND IT MUST BE ANSWERED.



THIS IS THE SOURCE... AND THE [illegible] TO STRETCH OUT INTO SPACE AND FIND THE SOURCE...

AND GO HOME TO IT. A HOME THAT ALL MEN WOULD RECOGNIZE. AND EACH MAN STEPS FROM HIS VEHICLE...

AND PERFORMS THE COMMUNION OF THOUGHT THAT THE UNIVERSE HAS WAITED FOR SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

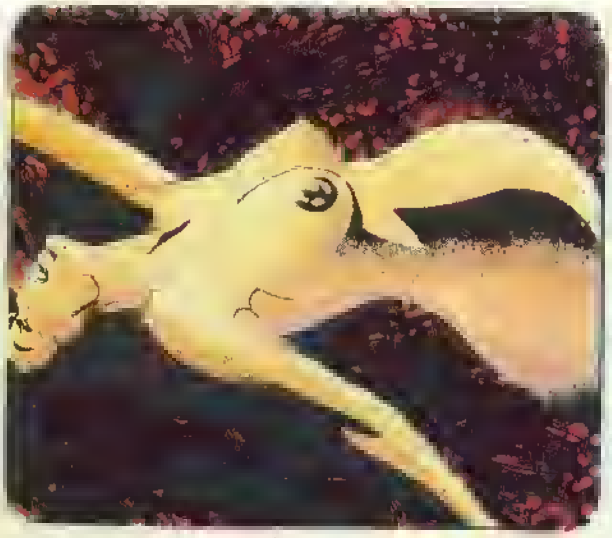


A COMMUNION OF PURE LOVE. ENERGY AND BROTHERHOOD THAT STRIKES A CHORD DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF CREATION. A CHORD THAT ONCE STRUCK WILL...

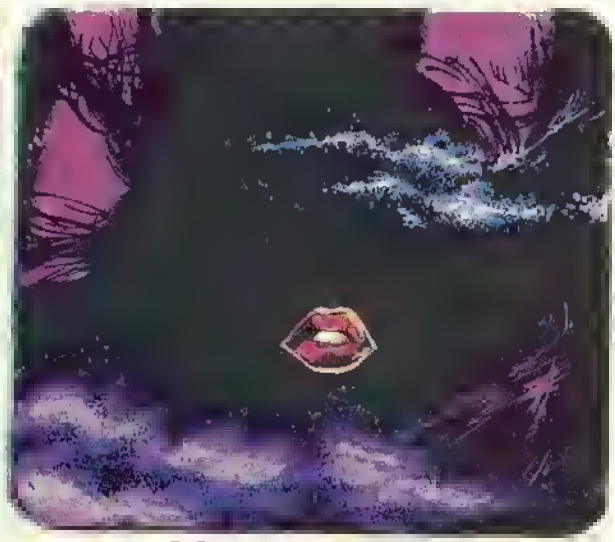
...ECHO FROM ONE END OF CREATION TO THE OTHER... BUILDING AND GROWING TO A CRESCENDO OF CREATION THAT WILL FOREVER ALTER ETERNITY THROUGH THE VOLUNTARY GOOD IN MAN...

AND THAT GOOD, BORN OF A REALIZATION OF THE NEGATIVE, EXPANDS OUT OF PLEASURE OF ITSELF... AS THOUGH NO SPACE IS BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD IT.

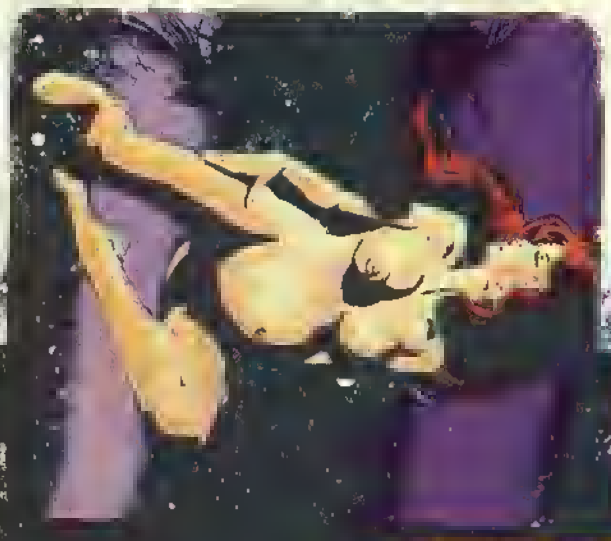
AND SOON NO SPACE SHALL BE...

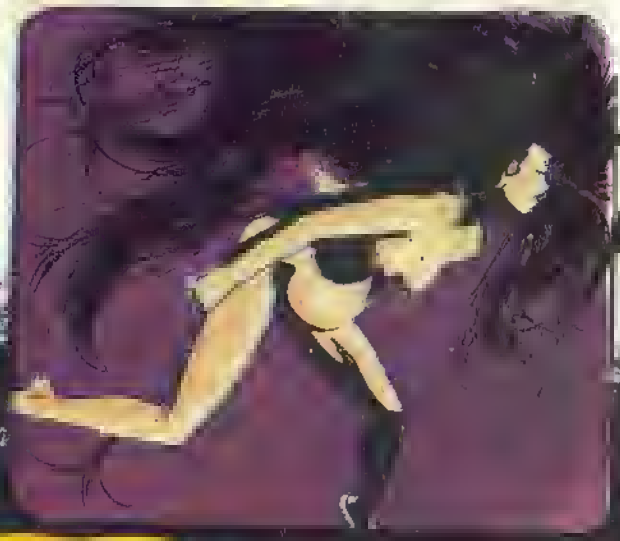


THE TIME IS COMING.



THE MYSTERY IS COMPLETE.



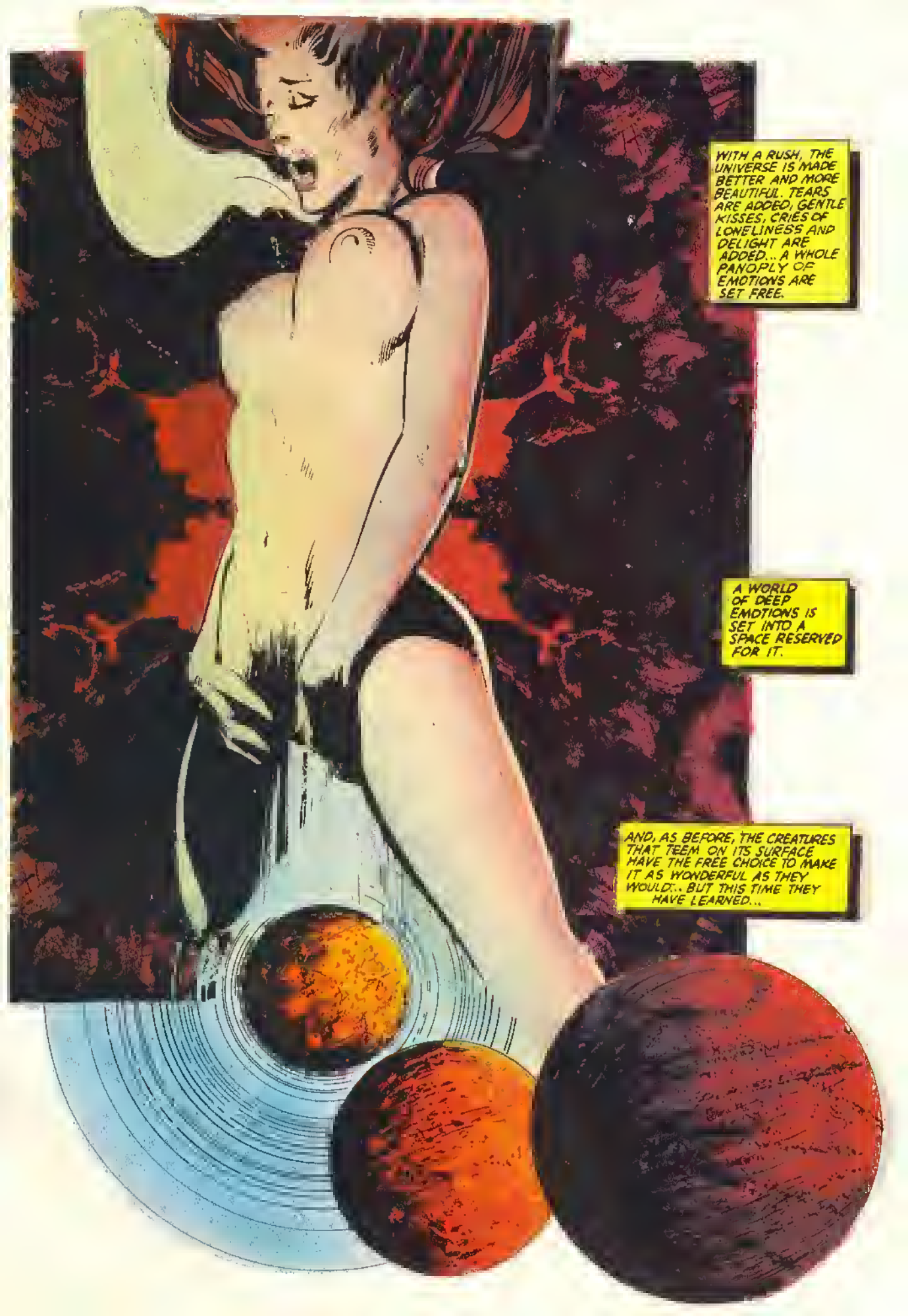


THE DREAM IS COME.

AND, AS ALWAYS, THE MEN FEEL SO SMALL. THEIR CONTRIBUTION SEEMS SO... FINITE... SO LIMITED. AND THEY REST THEIR HEADS AFTER THEY DO THEIR LITTLE THING.

AND, AS ALWAYS THEIR STRENGTH, THE WOMAN BEARS THEIR UNIVERSE WITH TENDER CARE... UNTIL...

THE TIME IS RIGHT.


WITH A RUSH, THE UNIVERSE IS MADE BETTER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL. TEARS ARE ADDED, GENTLE KISSES, CRIES OF LONELINESS AND DELIGHT ARE ADDED... A WHOLE PANOPLY OF EMOTIONS ARE SET FREE.
A WORLD OF DEEP EMOTIONS IS SET INTO A SPACE RESERVED FOR IT.
AND, AS BEFORE, THE CREATURES THAT TEEM ON ITS SURFACE HAVE THE FREE CHOICE TO MAKE IT AS WONDERFUL AS THEY WOULD... BUT THIS TIME THEY HAVE LEARNED...

THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSON!... HAVEN'T THEY?
THEY HAVE LEARNED THE LESSON LIFE HAS TO TEACH THEM... AND THIS TIME THEY'LL NOT MAKE...
...THE SAME MISTAKES... IT WOULD BE AS EASY TO DO IT WRONG AS IT WAS THE LAST TIME, BUT...